

SOURCES OF FAITH AND HOPE

HERBERT H. MOTT



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
ERNEST CARROLL MOORE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Sources of Faith and Hope

A Study of the Soul

BY

HERBERT H. MOTT



BOSTON

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
25 BEACON STREET

Copyright, 1916, by
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
—
All rights reserved

BT
771
M858s

To

MARY E. HUNT

and

ELIZABETH R. BROWN

This book is gratefully inscribed

1545979

FOREWORD

"THE most effective and certain deliverance of men from their self inflicted calamities, and from the most dreadful of all calamities, war, is attainable not by any external general measures, but by that simple appeal to the consciousness of each separate individual, proposed by Jesus nineteen hundred years ago, that every man bethink himself, and ask himself who he is, why he lives, and what he should and should not do."

TOLSTOY.

CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
1. THE SOUL	1
2. THE SOUL AND THE BODY	6
3. THE SOUL AND THE WORLD	17
4. THE POWER BEHIND THE SOUL AND THE WORLD	23
5. SOUL AND OVERSOUL	64
6. THE CONDUCT OF THE SOUL	81
I. <i>The Soul's Quest.</i>	
II. <i>The Soul's Dilemma.</i>	
III. <i>The Easier Way.</i>	
IV. <i>Practical Consequences.</i>	
7. THE DESTINY OF THE SOUL	94

SOURCES OF FAITH AND HOPE

CHAPTER I

THE SOUL

A BRAHMIN, seated by the sacred waters of the Ganges, called to his disciple. "Bring me fruit from yonder tree." The disciple obeyed.

"Cut it in two, what do you find?"

"Some small seeds, O Master."

"Break open one of them, what is there?"

"Nothing," replied the youth.

"Where you see nothing," said the Brahmin, "there dwells a mighty tree."

As within the seed dwells the tree, so, within my body dwells a consciousness, a self, an "I". This is no delusion, no fancy. While I keep my reason, I am unable, even if I would, to doubt this feeling of selfhood. Of its actuality there is no question. Every one is aware of it.

Here then, is something that cannot be otherwise, a fragment of reality, of truth, on which we may plant firmly our feet. This selfhood, this "I", is what we mean by the soul.

Since it is neither to be seen, touched, weighed, nor measured, how can we know anything about the

soul? I know of it whatsoever I know of myself, for my soul *is* myself. About myself, there are some things which I know at first hand. The knowledge is not of my seeking, but is given to me, and is confirmed, corroborated, and made clearer, by experience.

I know of myself, and therefore of my soul, that I am *alive*. "What shall we do with you when you are dead?" asked the friends of Socrates just before the hemlock was handed to him. His answer was, "Anything you like, provided you can catch me."

When a man dies, something escapes. The body lies inert and motionless. Speak to it, there is no answer. Touch it, there is no response. That which was alive, is gone. Never in the history of the race has a human body been known to retain its life after it had lost its soul. The soul is a principal and power of life.

I know of myself, and therefore of my soul, that I *think, feel, act*. The body which loses its soul, loses, together with its life, its power to think, feel, act.

Through nave and transept, and along the vaulted roof of the cathedral, the organ music rolls. Pipes, keys, stops, pedals, are all at work, yet they are no musicians. They are mute and dead. By themselves, they can do nothing. They are merely machinery. It is the organist who makes the music, it is he who thinks, feels, acts, and by means of the mechanism of his organ conveys his thoughts, feelings, acts, to the listening congregation.

What the organist is to the organ, the soul is to the body. Of itself, the body can do nothing. It is no more than a beautiful piece of mechanism. The thinker, feeler, doer, is the mind, the living person, the soul.

I know of myself, and therefore of my soul, that

through all bodily changes I continue, and remain at heart unchanged.

I feel as if I existed continuously. As far back as memory goes I had this feeling. I cannot recollect all the way back. I existed before I remember that I existed. Of this unremembered existence I learn through the memory of other people.

At the beginning of infancy, my soul lay in its envelope of flesh, as a seed lies in the soil. Then at some moment in the infant's career, a point was reached when memory awoke. The soul-embryo, germinated, and put forth, so to speak, the first green shoots of consciousness.

Since that fateful moment I have possessed always, the sense of continuousness. Periods of unconsciousness have intervened, but never have such periods broken the thread of my being. I awake from a night's sleep, or from the effects of an anesthetic, the same identical individual I was before.

Now, if there were no soul, if there were nothing more within than a succession of separate states of consciousness, a series of mental moods, each mood divided from the one going before and from the one coming after, how could a sense of continuousness ever arise? Is it not absurd to suppose that a continuous state could be obtained out of states that were not continuous?

This feeling of retained identity, is itself the best of evidence that behind our separate sensations is a feeler, a thinker, feeling and thinking continuously, a continuously existing soul.

We are not left merely to infer this from the weight of evidence. In addition to *feeling as if I existed continuously*, I know it, with a knowledge I cannot

even if I would deny, for it is a knowledge impressed upon me by my sense of moral responsibility.

Twenty years ago I did a mean thing. Today when I think of it I feel ashamed. I should like to be able to believe I am not the one who did that mean thing, but however hard I try I cannot get rid of the consciousness that I am today actually the same person I was then. Since then I have learned much, experienced much, my outward appearance has changed much, but I am inwardly the same person I was then. My sense of moral responsibility will not let me off.

The soundness of this self-knowledge of mine is borne out by what is called "character." In a man of character we have an irrefutable witness to the truth that through every fluctuation of mental mood and outward condition, the soul remains at heart the same. A man of character stands steadfast, unswerving from high principle, whatever be the changes of outward circumstance through which he passes.

Here is an example. About the year 1891 a well known New York business man failed, owing his creditors a million dollars.

"Gentlemen," he said to them, "I will pay you with interest when I get on my feet again."

Such was their confidence in his character that they gave him a full release then and there, asking for no written acknowledgment, and he was immediately reelected a member of the Stock Exchange.

No shrewder set of people exists than the merchants and brokers doing business on Wall Street, New York, yet they were willing to risk a million dollars on the security of character.

We may be quite sure they would not have done so, had they not been convinced of their debtor's ability to remain firm and true to honorable principles; that

is, to maintain an identical attitude of mind toward those principles no matter what changes of fortune he might experience. It is evident that a man cannot maintain an identical attitude of mind unless he himself, as a soul, remains identical, at heart the same, through all fluctuations of mental moods and outward conditions.

I know then, that I am alive, think, feel, act, and remain through all bodily changes, and through the changes of my own growth, essentially the same. These things I know also of my soul, for my soul is my inward self.

Further knowledge of my soul I may acquire by observation and comparison, by reason and experience, but this first hand knowledge I do not gain by my own efforts. It is bestowed upon me, more even than that, it is imposed. It is a gift I am not permitted to decline, I cannot continue to exist without becoming aware of these things. Experience arouses in me a consciousness of their truth. That I am alive, think, feel, act, and retain through all changes, my personal identity, are for me inexpugnable realities, and they are realities of the soul.

CHAPTER II

THE SOUL AND THE BODY

As the tree dwells in the seed, so the inward self, the soul, dwells in the outward self, the body. Nevertheless, while inhabiting a tenement of clay the Thinker, the Feeler, does not consist of clay. Inner and outer are of distinct orders. Soul and body are made of different stuff.

This corresponds with my personal sensations. As a result of these I find myself assuming that soul and body are in their respective natures poles assunder.

Often my soul has desired to achieve some hard task, but my muscles have proved unequal to the strain. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak.

It is with difficulty that my limbs move at more than four or five miles an hour, while my soul has no difficulty at all in sending its thoughts to the ends of the earth in the fraction of a second.

My body loses a leg, but my soul loses nothing. After a period of years my corporeal frame ceases to grow. Not so with the soul, the mind, the growth of that, continues as steadily as ever.

If judgment is to depend on the conclusion drawn from my own sensations, undoubtedly, the verdict will be, soul and body possess natures radically at variance.

Soul and body are made of different stuff, because while the latter appeals to the senses, the former is inaccessible to sense.

All things composed of material substance affect us through our five senses. The body affects us in this way. We see, hear, touch, taste, or smell it. If the soul were made of material substance, we should be able, in like manner, either to see, hear, touch, taste, or smell it. We can do neither the one nor the other. Our knowledge of it comes through no avenue of sense, but from within.

Between the soul and the body there is thus a fundamental contrast. The chasm which yawns between mental and physical is less easily bridged by the mind than any interval we know.

Soul and body are made of different stuff for the reason that the soul does not possess the qualities characteristic of bodily substance.

Men of science agree that the materials of which our bodies are formed are at bottom alike. These materials, solids, liquids, gases, are all constructed after a common pattern to which has been given the name *Molecular*. This means that when solids, liquids, gases, are analysed, they are found to consist of minute clusters of atoms called molecules.

All these molecular substances, of which our bodies are composed, are distinguished by two peculiarities, *weight*, and *volume*. They are all more or less heavy, and take up more or less room. Each particle of flesh, nerve, muscle and bone, even a particle so small as to be detected only by a microscope, is stamped with these two essential marks of bodily substance, weight and volume.

Now a dead body, a body from which the soul has departed, weighs as much as a living body. Since the presence or absence of the soul makes no difference to the body's weight, evidently the soul does not possess the quality of weight. Nor does its presence or absence make any difference in the size of the body. Consequently the soul does not possess the quality of size or volume. It takes up no room, it occupies no space.

Did the soul possess these attributes they would be likely to make themselves felt during the various changes through which the soul passes.

For instance, there are times when it is empty and vacant of ideas; there are periods again when the soul expands and the mind is filled to overflowing. At such moments we should expect a decided decrease or increase in bulk and weight were the soul made of bodily material. As a matter of fact not the slightest shadow of decrease or increase is discernible. The orator requires no larger size of hat, nor does he weigh any more, when in the midst of a perfervid peroration than when asleep. Yet assuredly he would do so if the torrent of thoughts that crowd and jostle through his brain filled even the minutest section of space. The seething mass would be apt to swell and split his skull. Were thoughts even in the smallest degree subject to the influence of gravitation the sudden addition to the orator's weight at moments of rhetorical excitement would endanger the stability of the platform.

Thoughts occupy no space nor can they be measured in a balance. They do not possess, nor does the mind or soul, of which they are the manifestations, possess, either volume or weight.

Since neither of the qualities characteristic of bodily

substance is found in the soul, therefore, it does not consist of bodily substance, but of something else.

Soul and body are made of different stuff because the soul possesses special attributes not found in bodily substance.

All organic material, the kind of which our bodies are composed, is constantly changing so that there is nothing permanent about it.

Not only do changes take place in the substance of the brain, this substance is passing away continually and to such an extent that the brain of the man of twenty is not the same as that of the boy of twelve, and that of the man of thirty, is not the same as that of the man of twenty. By the time he reaches forty, his brain has been again renewed, and so on periodically until the end. Each of us is furnished not with one brain lasting a life time, but with a series of brains.

Yet a man of sixty, although every particle of his previous brain has been destroyed, is able to think over again the thoughts he had when he was forty or even when he was twenty. He has only to make a mental effort and the past stands up ghost-like before him. The brain material of thirty or forty years ago has long since passed away, ceased to exist. How then could the thoughts of this extinct brain have survived?

The brain of the man of sixty with which he is supposed to think about the past, is a new one, composed of wholly new material. It is inconceivable that this new organ can think thoughts produced by another organ that ceased to exist thirty or forty years previously.

Perhaps it may be said that the act of memory by the

man of sixty is not really a thinking of old thoughts over again but merely the shadow or reflection of those old thoughts cast by the dying brain onto the surface of its successor, and again recast by this successor, and so on through the series down to the present.

But in order that a dying brain should cast a reflection on its successor that successor must be already in existence, and this would imply the presence within the skull of two brains at the same time, which is clearly absurd. Evidently the thinking is done not by the substance, not by the gray matter of the brain but by something else, something made of quite different elements, of elements that do not change as the brain changes, but possess a quality of permanence enabling identity to be retained through all changes.

It is equally evident that the something else possessing the quality of permanent identity, which the bodily substance of the brain does not possess, is what is meant when we speak of the soul. By reason of this extraordinary attribute of retained identity, the soul is able to think over again now, the thoughts which it thought in the far past of its youth.

It recognizes between itself thinking now, and itself thinking in the years gone by, a real connection.

In this there is no self deception. The matter is not left for us to settle. We *cannot help* being sure that the thinker thinking now, is the same thinker who thought in the long vanished days.

When right and wrong are in question, I may desire, perhaps passionately desire, to avoid the recognition, but it cannot be avoided. I know in my heart of hearts that the connection is real, and that although my head is hoary and my back bent

with the burden of years, I am essentially the same person as the guilty or innocent individual of thirty years ago.

The soul has other qualities not possessed by bodily substance, but this one attribute of permanent identity, alone suffices to demonstrate that however closely associated, the materials of which soul and body are respectively composed are of distinct and widely divergent kinds.

Because the soul is inaccessible to sense, because it is destitute of the characteristic qualities of material substance, because it possesses other attributes not possessed by material substance, therefore, soul and body belong to different orders.

Thus, whatever their relationship be, it cannot be a relationship of cause and effect. The one is not a product of the other.

From time to time various writers have insisted that mind is a secretion of the brain in the sense for instance, that milk is a secretion of the lacteal glands of the cow, or tears of the lachrymal glands of the eye.

To this motion there are two fatal objections.

1. A secretion is a product of that by which it is secreted. Milk and tears are products respectively, of the lacteal and lachrymal glands, and being products, milk and tears are composed essentially of the same materials as the glands by which they are produced. But it has been shown that mind, thought, soul, is not a product of brain substance, and is not made of the same material, consequently, it cannot be a secretion of brain substance.

2. Mind cannot be a secretion of brain substance as tears are a secretion of the substance of the lachrymal glands, because the brain is not a gland. It does not

even resemble a gland. Cerebral tissue is not in the least like glandular tissue. The brain is no more a gland, than is a hand or foot, and never secretes anything.

There are some, however, who still cling to the opposite theory, and maintain that the soul must be produced by the body. The reason generally given is, that thought is a function of the brain substance, just as steam is a function of the boiling tea kettle, or light of the electric circuit, or power of the moving water fall. This functional relationship, it is argued, is causal, and implies production.

Our answer is, that the exercise of function is not necessarily causal. In the physical world, says William James, we have also permissive or releasing, and we have transmissive function.

The keys of an organ have transmissive function. They open successively the various pipes, and let the wind in the air chest escape in various ways. The voices of the pipes are constituted by the columns of air trembling as they emerge. But the air is not engendered in, or produced by, the organ. When therefore, we say thought is a function of brain substance, it does not follow that the brain substance produced the thought, the connection may have been one of transmitting, or releasing. The functional relation may be like that of the lens and the light as suggested by Huxley. [*Life and Letters, vol. 2. p. 299.*]

He writes "Consider a parallel sided piece of glass through which light passes. It forms no picture. Shape it so as to be bi-convex and a picture appears in its focus. Is not the formation of this picture a function of the piece of glass so shaped? Nevertheless the piece of glass produces neither the picture nor the picture making power. These reside in the light.

All the lens does is to modify the action of the light and so to cause its powers to be apparent to our senses."

Suppose soul and brain are related roughly speaking as the light to the lens. If it be that only through the brain lens the soul can throw thought pictures onto the receiving network of the nervous system, and so cause the muscles to move and things to be done and said, then the thoughts of the soul would appear to be functions of the brain lens. Still the thoughts would not be produced by the brain lens any more than the light was produced by the lens of glass.

In some such way as this, the closest association might exist between thought and brain substance, without the one being the product of the other. A writer in the *Contemporary Review* [F.R.C.S.] states the position thus.

"To watch day by day a case of profound unconsciousness, the body a mere log fed through a tube, a physiological machine, a thing with no more thought in it than a dummy figure, and to see men and women brought to a like state in a few minutes by chloroform or ether, and kept there just as part of a day's work, and to see the process reversed, and the lost owner of a body spirited back into it by an operation to his brain, here are the arguments ready-made for materialism to use with effect."

Impressive as such cases are, they do not prove that the mind or soul is a product of the body. The phenomena may be explained equally well by a different theory.

Theory number one, assumes that consciousness is related to the body much as the flame is related to the wick and oil of the lamp. An anesthetic turns down the wick and so extinguishes the flame.

Theory number two, supposes that consciousness is related to the body roughly speaking as the lamp to the room which it illuminates. Consciousness the lamp, the body the room. According to this second theory, what the anesthetic does, is not to turn down the wick and so extinguish the flame, but to lower an opaque shade over the lamp and so extinguish its illuminating power as regards the room.

On both theories darkness is produced, the darkness of unconsciousness, but according to the first, the result is achieved by destroying consciousness, (extinguishing the flame). According to the second by cutting off the connection of consciousness with its bodily surroundings, (by interposing an opaque barrier between the lamp and the room).

Is there any evidence to show which of these two theories is the more nearly correct?

There is evidence at any rate to show that the first is not correct. If the effect of the anesthetic were to extinguish the flame, to destroy consciousness, then when consciousness is restored, on the withdrawal of the anesthetic, it would involve the creation of a new consciousness. Whereas in actual fact, what is restored is a consciousness recognizing its responsibility for obligations, (the doctor's fee, for instance,) incurred previous to the administration of the anesthetic. Consequently it is the same old consciousness, that illuminated its tenement of clay before the opaque shade of anesthesia was dropped over it.

The deathlike condition of the physical frame did not mean the extinction of consciousness, as would be the case were consciousness a product of the brain substance, as the flame of the wick and oil, but that connection with its environment was cut off temporarily. Probably then, the function of the gray matter of the

brain is of the transmitting order. It is certainly not productive, and implies no causal connection between brain and mind.

If their connection is not causal, what is the relationship? Soul and body are very closely associated. The state of the body affects more or less the state of the soul, or at least the conditions of its intercourse with the material world. A state of bodily health promotes mental activity, a congested liver, mental torpor. The pressure of a splinter of bone may result in idiocy. There are records of persons who, while retaining their mental faculties to the full, were unable to communicate by sign or sound with those about them, because, in consequence of some sudden shock, their nervous system had been paralyzed. Conversely, the state of the soul affects the state of the body. Cheerful thoughts promote digestion, joyful anticipation quickens the pulse, anxiety depresses the nervous system, fear may produce death.

In such ways do soul and body act and react on one another. So far as this earthly career is concerned, the welfare of the one depends on the welfare of the other. Intimate and profound as their mutual influence is, may it not be adequately explained on the assumption of a working partnership? Are not the facts accounted for on the hypothesis of cooperation?

Were this the relationship, we should expect that to happen which does happen. With the physical machinery thrown out of order by injury or disease, it would become difficult for the soul to exercise control. Under these circumstances the familiar phenomena of disease, weakness, periods of unconsciousness, delirium, or the eccentricities of insanity, would be the natural results.

Not even a Paderewski can get music from a piano that is out of tune, so not even the most vigorous soul can get normal action from a diseased brain or body.

The operator may be there fully alive, but if the wires are down no message can be sent.

On the other hand, if soul and body be in cooperative association it is conceivable that the body may be carried triumphantly through the strain and stress of trying vicissitudes by the supporting energy of the soul, and that by this same soul energy, minor physical injuries and defects may be healed and overcome.

The question is often asked, in what part of the physical frame does the soul reside? There is no answer. It can be said only that when certain portions of the physical frame are destroyed, the brain for instance, the connection comes to an end. The tenant is turned out of doors.

Of the relations between the inward self or soul and the outward or bodily self, we learn then, that they are not those of product and producer, but of partner and partner.

Finally it may be added, the soul is the senior member of the firm, the more important element in us, the thing that counts and makes us what we are.

CHAPTER III

THE SOUL AND THE WORLD

WITHIN is the soul, without, is the world. Just as it is impossible to think of left apart from right, or right apart from left, so is it impossible to think of the soul apart from the world, or the world apart from the soul. The two are inseparable. Communication between them is carried on through sight, sound, touch, taste, smell. These sensations are, as it were, the fingers of the world playing upon the strings of the soul, and bringing therefrom chords and melodies. The world is the teacher of the soul.

About what it sees, hears, touches, tastes, smells, the soul thinks, reflects, reasons, compares, judges, and thus learns in a twofold way, by the world's action, and by its own action. In these two ways the soul acquires knowledge of the world without, and knowledge also concerning itself, its own capacities and powers.

One of the chief lessons learned about the world is that all things therein, are related.

Step by step, the knowledge is gathered, that even where to the ordinary observer there seems absolutely nothing in common, more careful examination shows always that relationships exist.

At first glance no one would suspect any connection between a thrush and a sprig of mistletoe, a song bird palpitating with energetic life, and a dull vegetable growth with scarcely a life of its own at all. In out-

ward appearance very different, there is between these two nevertheless an intimate relationship.

To secure the survival of the mistletoe its seeds must be planted in the bark of trees. The seeds are enclosed in berries which ripen in midwinter. At this season when the trees around are bare, the mistletoe is bright and fresh and can be seen through the leafless forest from a long way off. Now the berries, the presence of which is signalled so conspicuously, are especially suited to the taste of thrushes and by them are sought after with avidity. Having eaten the delicious pulp the bird finds the seeds adhering to its bill, for they are coated with a sticky gum. To get rid of the nuisance he rubs his bill against the bark and thus becomes the instrument by which the seeds are planted in the kind of soil exactly suited to their needs.

[*W. Marshall Pop. Sc. Rev. March 1887.*]

In a similar way all living creatures are linked together. The several hundred thousand species are grouped into two families, one with backbones and the other without, while countless intermediate forms link vertebrate with invertebrate, the elephant with the oyster, man with the amoeba.

Among vegetable products, unbroken lines of connection can be established between objects outwardly as different as the blue mold on an old boot, and the giant redwood trees of California, or the rose outside your window, and the microscopic seaweed flourishing miles deep in mid Atlantic.

Nor does any gulf divide plants from animals. "They are identical in internal structure and in the discharge of the mysterious processes of reproduction and nutrition."

In the mineral kingdom solids, liquids, gases, unlike as they are in appearance and in quality, are all made out of the same atomic material.

Furthermore the living is related to the non-living. Animal, vegetable, mineral, dovetail into one another as it were. They are but different forms of the same substance, variations of the same theme.

What is true of animal, plant, and mineral, is true also of the forces of nature. They seem erratic and independent, in reality they work together. The expansive power of steam, the shock of electricity, the explosion of gunpowder, these, in the words of Professor Atwater, "can be shown to be merely different forms of the same energy which vibrates in the notes of a song, or expands in the growth of flowers, and is in the cyclone which devastates the land, as in the cooling zephyr of a summer's evening, in the awful rolling of the thunder, and in the lightning's flash, as in the rustle of the leaves, and the gentle cooing of the doves, in the tramping of armed hosts, the roar of artillery, and the carnage of battle, as in the soft caress and tender lullaby with which the mother sings and soothes her babe to sleep."

The life that pulsates in the African savage, in the brain of a Plato, in the muscles of a prize fighter, in the worm slowly crawling across the garden path, and the eagle swooping to his prey, in the bee humming from flower to flower, in the microbe, and in the bird of paradise, is a manifestation and expression of the same life.

It would seem that all things and all souls are enmeshed in a network of relationships.

Scientific research confirms this idea. Men of science explore the realm of nature in many different ways. Darwin patiently records tens of thousands of

subtle changes in insect, bird and beast. Pasteur spends half a life time in studying millions of minute vegetable and animal forms. Edison probes laboriously the properties of electricity and light. These men investigated various departments of nature, and they carried on their investigations for many years, and over vast areas, but they never reached a border line at which the relationship of things came to an end.

"Astronomers are able to predict eclipses, to calculate to within twenty-four hours the return of a comet, to measure the rate at which distant planets far beyond the margin of our solar system are revolving round their suns, because precisely the same laws prevail in the remotest spaces of the starry heavens, as exist here on earth."

Nothing is isolated and apart. Everything is connected with everything else. Relationship is universal.

Professor G. Stanley Hall tells of a student whose teacher set him to study experimentally *one* of the seventeen muscles of a frog's leg. At first he was disposed to resent having such an insignificant subject assigned to him, but as he progressed, he found that in order to understand this one tiny tendon he must understand in a more minute and practical way than before, in a way that made previous knowledge unreal, questions in electricity, chemistry, mechanics, physiology, questions of complex relation in every direction. As the winter proceeded the history of previous views was traced and still other and broader biological relations were perceived, and as the summer waned and a second year was begun in the study of this single muscle, it was seen that the laws of life are the same in frogs and men, and that contractile

tissue of the same kind had done all that man had accomplished in the world, and that muscles are the only organs of the will. As the work went on, it seemed as though the great mysteries of the universe were centred round the student's theme.

In the investigation of this minute object he passed gradually from the attitude of Peter Bell, up to the standpoint of the Seer who plucked a flower from the crannied wall, and realised that could he but understand what it was, "root and all and all in all," he would "know what God and man is."

"All things by immortal power
Near or far
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
And thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling a star."

When we ask what this universal relationship means, the answer is, it means organization. It signifies that instead of being a chaos of contending powers, the universe is a kosmos of co-operating powers, part working with part, force with force, as a connected whole, fitted and framed together, all of a piece, an organization.

Like a fly in the spider's web, like a child wandering in the streets of London, like a small star encircled by the measureless labyrinths of the milky way, the soul is encircled by the vast and strong organization of the universe. There is no escape.

"We in some unknown power's employ
Move in a rigorous line
We cannot when we will enjoy,
Nor when we will decline."

It is the part of wisdom therefore, for the soul to endeavor to learn what it can of the nature of this encompassing universe, that it may know what its own fate is likely to be, and what it ought to do under the circumstances.

CHAPTER IV

THE POWER BEHIND THE SOUL AND THE WORLD

Behind all things is one thing, and that one thing is a power of life.

WHERE then, shall we find the key to the interpretation of the world problem? As we have seen, the outstanding fact is organization. How was the organizing done? Did the universe organize itself?

Since the universe is an organization, it consists, as all organizations consist, of parts, few or many, great or small. When we speak of the universe as organizing itself, we say, in effect, that the operation was performed by these component parts, by one or more, or by all of them together. The peculiar nature of an organization makes such an idea irrational.

On the beach is a heap of stones washed up by the sea. Men arrive, cart them away, and they are built into a house. So long as they lay upon the beach, they were just stones. Now, they are constituents of a structure. Now, they are associated for the production of a definite result. Together with all the other constituents they have now been made to contribute to the existence of a house. They have thus become subordinate to a power working toward an end or purpose beyond themselves, the power, namely, of the builder's will, working toward the end or purpose of an organization called a house. The builder's will, to which, as parts of the house organization they are now subordinate, is something other than, and

different from, themselves, and it is to this something other than and different from themselves, that the organization is due. Consequently, the stones have ceased to be mere stones and have become constituent parts of an organization, through subjection to an organizing influence other than, and different from, themselves.

This will be found true in every case. The parts of which an organization is composed, are where they are, and fulfill their respective functions, by reason of being subject to an organizing influence, other than, and different from, any of the parts it influences.

Since its existence is due to an influence other than, and different from, any of its parts, an organization cannot be self organized.

The same argument may be stated in different words, as follows:

An organization cannot be organized by its own parts, because, the part is conditional to the organization. That which is conditional, follows that which conditions. Therefore, the part, (that which is conditional), cannot be the origin of the organization, (that which conditions), for that which is subsequent, cannot be the origin of that which is antecedent. Again, suppose we have the three parts of an egg, yolk, white, shell, entirely separate, lying, let us imagine, on three separate tables. The yolk possesses the qualities of yolk, the white, the qualities of white, the shell, the qualities of shell.

Now, if we add these three qualities together, we shall get, yolk,+white,+shell, but we shall not get anything else. If we want anything else, we must add other qualities. If we want an egg, for instance, we must add to the qualities belonging to yolk, and white, and shell, the qualities belonging to an egg.

Since yolk, and white and shell, possess only the qualities of yolk, and white, and shell, this egg quality, which is to unite them into the organic wholeness of an egg, must be sought elsewhere. An additional agency must be brought into play, that, namely, of the laying hen.

It is the same in all cases. The influence which brings the several parts into organic relations, must have its sources elsewhere than in the several parts. In other words, an organization cannot, by its very nature, organize itself.

Are not exceptions to be found in human institutions such as clubs, baseball teams, etc.? Do we not often speak of these as organizing themselves?

The exception is apparent only. Before either club or baseball team can come into existence, the idea of them must arise in the mind of some organizer, and although that individual may subsequently join the association he has devised, he must devise it first, and plan out its general scheme, before it can have its birth, or he himself be counted among its members.

To the plain man it is self evident that a similar explanation is required for the world organization. There must be an organizing influence having its source elsewhere than in the parts of the world which it welds together and brings into organic relationship.

Behind and beyond the universal organization there must be a universal organizer.

Was the universe organized by chance?

Did a flurry of minute particles by accident get jostled into such relations as to bring forth a world? The universe could not have been produced in any such vague, haphazard way.

Organization implies a look ahead, in the case of the universe, a very long look ahead. The whole existing order of things must have been foreseen from the first.

The chief requisite for enterprise of this kind is that you should have clearly in mind what you intend to do. If it be your aim to lay out a garden, or to build a house, or to arrange a public meeting, success will depend on the extent to which you have worked out your ideas beforehand, on the clearness of your forethought, and on the thoroughness with which you subordinate every detail to the main object in view.

If this applies to the comparatively simple achievements of the human intellect, how much more to the inconceivably vast and complex universe! Whatever may have been the particular method by which the universe was brought forth, most certainly it was not brought forth by chance.

Is evolution the organizer?

Evolution is merely a descriptive term. When we say the various species of animals and vegetables have been produced by evolution, we mean they have been produced by certain natural processes operating according to evolutionary principles. These natural processes do the business. The term evolution simply describes, and so far as it goes truly describes, the general manner in which they work. It affirms that they brought forth the world organization by acting along developmental lines. Not evolution, then, but that which was behind evolution, accomplished the organizing.

The universe has been organized by some kind of power.

Thorough analysis of any object brings us at last always to two primal constituents, matter and motion. The objects may vary but the result to which the examination leads never varies. In the end, we arrive always at matter and motion. May we not say, then, that here in matter and motion we have the final organizing influences of the universe?

No, for these things are not final. They are themselves subject to organization.

This must be the case, for out of them has sprung the universe, had they been left to themselves they could not have given birth to a universe. Had motion and matter been left to themselves, the whole of matter would have moved toward a common centre of gravity round which it would have congealed in a uniform spherical mass.

Instead, matter has been drawn into millions of different centres of gravity, from the combinations and recombinations of which, the universe has been constructed.

Something, therefore, it is evident, must have directed motion and arranged matter. This something, it is equally evident, must have been some kind of *power*.

The ultimate organizing power is ONE and not many.

The laws of thought themselves oblige us to assume a single power. It is the ultimate idea, "the deepest, widest, most certain of all facts." Were there several powers behind the primal motion and matter, they would be either independent, or interdependent. If the former, the activities of each would be wholly unaffected by the activities of the rest, with the result

of a number of universes absolutely unrelated. In which case, as we should never be able to learn of their existence, they would be, so far as we were concerned, non-existent. We should be left in our own universe with a single independent power as its source.

If, on the other hand, the several powers behind the frame of things were interdependent, that is depending on one another, one and all of them would be parts of a common organization, and as a consequence, subject to the control of the organization. The ultimate source, therefore, would be not in the several forces, but in the organization to which they belonged. Instead of a number of powers we are thus led back to a single power.

Behind all things is one thing, and that one thing is a power.

Out of this issue two consequences.

1. Since all things are controlled by a single power, there is nothing beyond its control, either in space, or time, and that beyond which there is nothing in space or time, is both infinite and eternal.

2. Since all things in space and time are controlled by this power, the beginnings of all things are under its control. It is therefore, not only the ruler, but the source, the creator, the cause, of all things.

By a single infinite and eternal energy or power, the universe has been created, and is controlled.

This creator and controller of all things, is a power of LIFE.

Many have held that the world force is machine force, that the universe is a vast engine, a complicated piece of mechanism, running automatically.

By a machine, we mean "a number of individual particles associated together in producing some definite result."

In order to do its work, to produce its definite result, the machine must move, and no matter what the motive power applied, whether steam, water, wind, electricity, or a man's hand or foot, the motions resulting are always either rotary, vibratory, rectilinear, or a combination of these. Such movements are taking place at every instant, in every part of the known world, and so far they mark the world as a machine. There is, however, something more in the world than mechanical movements of repetition. Everywhere there is development, evolution, growth. Combine all forms of mechanical motion, rotary, vibratory, rectilinear, as intimately and as skilfully as you may, still you will not get growth out of them. Yet growth pervades the universe, and as it is a movement neither produced, nor producible by, any known mechanical law, it indicates that the universe is something more than a piece of mechanism.

Growth is a sign of life. Things that grow are living things. The universe contains living things, vast numbers of living things, from which it would seem to follow that the universe producing power must be itself alive, for it is inconceivable that a power not itself alive, could produce a universe teeming with life.

Furthermore, there is in the universe not life merely, but conscious, intelligent life. Consequently the life of the universe producing power must be conscious and intelligent.

At the back of everything is one thing, and that one thing is a power of conscious intelligent life.

This is the primal truth the soul discovers about the universe in which it dwells.

Goodness Rules.

The infinite and eternal power of conscious intelligent life is a power of goodness. Goodness rules.

First. *Because there is more good than evil in the world.*

Observation discloses that in the mingled mass of the world's good and ill, there is a predominance of good.

A study of the newspapers might lead to the opposite conclusion. The exigencies of modern journalism require that the story of a crime should be "displayed," while a deed of kindness is relegated to an obscure paragraph. Pessimism is fashionable, and the pessimist has been described as one who, having a choice of two evils, takes both. Distinguished authors support this attitude. The world of a Hardy, or a Wells, is a place in which righteousness occupies a back seat.

Undoubtedly they have ground for gloom. A staggering amount of misery meets the eye in every direction. The total of evil bulks large, still, an impartial survey of the actual state of things will convince us, that the total of good bulks larger.

We must bear in mind, that appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no such thing as unmixed evil.

Black though the following examples be, their blackness is not wholly unrelieved.

"An ignorant mother puts her baby into a cooling cookstove to keep the infant warm while she leaves the house. The father comes home unacquainted with the circumstances, lights the fire, and roasts the child.

"A fireman, heroic to save life, is trapped at the top of a burning building, the roof hydrant of which he

has climbed to open, seeks escape by the nearest electric cable, and is dashed eight stories to the frozen ground.

"A healthy, happy, young creature on a gala day takes the train that is foredoomed to collision, and for thirty, forty, fifty years, an invalid upon a mat-trass grave, lies staring at the walls of a coffin room and mutters, 'Why?'

"A motherless girl, too young for the knowledge of the tree of good and evil, errs for love, and her broken life sinks into a nameless, unforgiven, irreclaimable shame, which finds no respite till it finds the grave.

"A child born without eyesight, speech, or hearing, lives to be a very old person and patiently passes out of existence." [North Am. Rev. May, 1893.]

While evils such as these are among the realities of life, they are not the only realities.

Death by suffocation in the cookstove was not the only incident in the baby's short career. Contact with warm surfaces, the absorption of nourishment, the free movements of legs and arms, had thrilled the tiny frame countless times with sensations of content.

Nor were the mental anguish they endured, and the sickening manner of their loss, the only experiences of the mother and father. What they had lost, they had previously possessed, and they had known the satisfaction of possession. Unnumbered hours of happiness had been spent together in watching over and caring for their offspring. Every evening as the father drew near his cottage, a sense of pleasure came over him, and more pleasure awaited him on arrival. How much complacency he had felt in being master of a house, in slowly accumulating the fittings and the furniture, and what a triumph was his when finally he

brought home the pretty girl who had become his wife!

During the half hour preceding his death, the fireman was experiencing probably, one of the keenest joys possible to human nature, the successful, victorious, exercise of physical and mental faculties, the exhilaration of being first in his place as the fire wagon tore out of the station and down the street, the excitement of anticipation, the exaltation of the hero who faces danger and realizes that he is conquering, subduing, overcoming, all before him. At such moments the breath of heaven is on his brow.

At each instant of her existence up to the time of the collision, the "healthy, happy, young creature" was enjoying health, happiness, and youth. Even in the long subsequent years no day passed without some gleam of sunshine. A welcome visitor, a sympathetic friend, a fragrant cup of tea, a new and fascinating story, the lighting of the lamps, and blessed intervals when pain was stilled.

All the after sufferings of the motherless girl grew out of an ecstasy, out of an excess of unregulated joy, and among the bitter after-sufferings there were the delights of adornment, and of dress, devoted friendships with others as unfortunate as herself, friendships which lasted till the end, mutual charities, the pleasures of a good meal, and later on, the solace of drink. Even in the hospital, in the final weeks of gathering feebleness, there was the sense of being the centre of attention, and the comfort of long unaccustomed cleanliness, renewed.

To the child born blind, and deaf, and dumb, mere existence means not only blindness, deafness, and the inability to speak, but also the daily repeated satisfaction of assimilation, of digestion, and of appetite

appeased. Pleasure came as well, from the harmonious sensation of things soft and smooth, the consciousness of perfume and of taste. Never having known sight, or hearing, it is difficult to understand how they could be missed, or how the want of them could be felt as an evil. That when age came, he passed patiently away, is evidence of experiences which at least made life endurable.

Here then is a second class of actualities, and this class has one quality in common. All these things, namely appetite appeased, freedom, content, affection, pride in achievement, exultation, successful activity, health, youth, friendship, delightful tastes and smells, are good.

Furthermore, not only is all evil mingled with good, but in certain circumstances the evil appears greater than it is. While all is not gold that glitters, neither is all that looks like suffering wholly painful.

C. A. Benson tells of a man who in his mature years lost his sight. To outward seeming his state was one of unrelieved misery, yet a closer acquaintance disclosed an existence of extraordinary richness, and undreamed of joy.

Most people can multiply such instances out of their own experiences.

One would think there would be little to mitigate the situation in which a man finds himself when in the power of a fierce and savage animal. Yet such evidence as we possess indicates that the situation is not quite so bad as it looks.

"It is curious," writes Lord Playfair [*Memoirs* p. 374] "that there are two people here, the Turkish Ambassador Rustem Pasha, and Sir Edward Bradford, who have been maimed by wild beasts. The latter had the whole of his left arm up to the elbow

joint munched by a tiger, and the Turkish Ambassador has half the right hand and part of his left, torn away by a bear. Both tell me that *they felt no pain* during the mutilation, and they suppose that their intense desire to defend themselves prevented them from feeling pain. Livingstone, the African traveller, told me the same thing, that when his arm was munched by a lion he could not recollect suffering any pain."

What in appearance could be more agonizing and utterly miserable, than the situation of a wounded soldier left without medical aid on the battle field? Lieut. Sakurai of the Japanese army, had his right leg broken and both arms shot through, at one of the assaults on Fort Arthur, and remained on the sun scorched slopes for two days and nights. Yet so long as he continued under nature's kindly care he suffered little. The pain began, he writes, only when human methods were brought to bear.

"I did not feel any pain at all during the two days I was lying on the field, but oh! the pain I began to feel when I was taken to first aid, and bandaged, the agony I then felt was so great that I wished I had died on the field."

Mrs. Oliphant thus describes the Putney hospital for incurables.

"Someone has called this place the palace of pain. I do not doubt the truth of the title. Yet I have gone through the greater part of these rooms filled with indescribable aches and sufferings, that are without hope in this world, and I have found nothing but a patient quietness, a great tranquility, a peace, that fills the careless spectator coming in out of the fresh air, out of the sunshiny world where everything is rejoicing in life and strength and the radiance of the

morning, with awe and respectful reverence. Some of these poor people are never free from pain, some are subject to periodic paroxysms of anguish, one scarce over before another begins, many are helpless and cannot move at all even by the nurse's aid, and yet there is peace breathing all around us, a composed and mild endurance often accompanied with smiles, scarcely ever with a countenance of gloom. An atmosphere of cheerfulness fills like sunshine the quiet chambers. What struggles there may be in lonely hearts and tortured bodies, it is not ours to enquire. Such struggles there must be, or the sufferers would be more than human. But we can see only patience and peace. This is more wonderful than the pain and far less comprehensible. Our hearts cry out for them as we pass from one bed of anguish ,to another, but from these beds there rise no cries.

All is tranquility, patience, a great quietness. The palace of pain is also the House of Peace."

See the accounts of the Messina earthquake, by Professor Lombroso and Mr. Robert Hichins (too long for quotation here). They relate instance after instance in which, although the outward circumstance indicated terrible agonies, no agonies were felt.

Let any one inclined to the view that misery out-balances happiness, read the letters of R. L. Stevenson, himself a life long invalid; especially vol. 1, pp. 437-442.

The foregoing considerations bring home to us, that in attempting to arrive at a just estimate of their relative proportions, we should bear in mind, that while it may be possible to exaggerate the amount of good in any situation, it is also possible to exaggerate the amount of evil. Moreover, a considerable

amount of the pain we encounter makes for our welfare.

a. The agonies of the operating theater, the hospital, and the dental chair, excruciating as these in themselves may be, tend to conditions of comfort and freedom from pain.

b. Various forms of suffering lead to a strengthening of character.

“There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out.”

On many occasions men do distil it out. Poets learn in suffering what they teach in song. Not until the death of Arthur Hallam had wrought upon the mind and heart of Tennyson, was “In Memoriam” produced. Hawthorne’s genius grew in narrow and sorrowful surroundings, we must believe in large measure because of those surroundings, and brought forth some of the most delicate and original literary work yet produced on this side of the Atlantic. Had Thackeray not lost his fortune, he might never have been more than an amateur art critic. Josiah Wedgwood’s leg is amputated, and he can no longer stand at the potter’s wheel. The enforced leisure liberates his mind, and he invents the Wedgwood ware. Speaking of his hard life as a tutor in Richmond, Channing said, “I look back on those days of loneliness and frequent gloom, with thankfulness.” Is it not sorrow that gives us our capacity for laughter?

“Alas by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain,
The heart can ne’er a transport know
That never felt a pain.”

c. We benefit by all sacrificial suffering. Not because pain is itself good, but because only through pain can the highest happiness be reached. James Hilton affirms that to make the most excruciating tortures tolerable, it is only necessary that the sufferer should be convinced that he suffers for a worthy end.

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

A child dies of diphtheria. Who notices the obscure and common ending of his life? A Dr. Rabbeth dies of the same disease, as a result of attempting to save the child by sucking the poison from the patient's throat, and we place a tablet to his memory.

“It should be the aim of social advance to reduce as much as possible, all pain that is not sacrifice, in order that sacrificial pain may shine forth as the crowning glory to which character can attain.”

To sum up. In no case is evil unmixed. In certain cases it appears greater than it actually is. A good deal of pain, if not itself beneficial, leads to benefit. Finally, it is only through suffering, the suffering of sacrifice, that human nature can reach the highest levels of its possible development.

In judging the situation ought we not to take these considerations into account? If we do take them into account, though a formidable volume of evil remains, is there real ground for thinking it can be as large, or anything like as large, as the total amount of good? That good outweighs evil, is indicated further, by the continued existence of societies of human beings.

Society implies the rule of morality. The mortar which holds the social edifice together is composed of the ten commandments. Even primitive society, even the tribes of central Africa, hold together only in

so far as they compel a reasonable observance of these principles.

As almost the entire surface of the globe is occupied by people who are organized into social communities, resting on a basis of social morality, it seems clear that however large the amount of depravity in these communities, goodness preponderates.

The vast majority of those with whom we come in contact are respectable people. While their virtue may not be of a shining quality, it outweighs their vice sufficiently to give them the stamp of decent folk, and among this predominating mass of mediocre goodness, there are more saints and heroes than is sometimes imagined.

The fireman, ready to dash into the flames. The policeman, courting danger and death in his daily round of duty. The life-boat sailors, who face appalling storms. The locomotive engineer, who with steady nerve and lion heart, stays with a sure hand the destruction which threatens his human freight. The trained nurse, who runs a thousand risks. The physician, who goes with equanimity where deadly diseases lurk. In the slums, a host of consecrated workers spend unnoticed lives among the miserable and the poor. In countless obscure homes there are women whose quiet existence is a blessing to all around them, and men untrumpeted by fame who are models of courage and chivalrous devotion.

The predominance of good is corroborated by the fact that most of us regard life as our supreme possession. Whatever the exceptional man may do, the average man enjoys himself to an extent that causes him to set a high value on existence. Many of us are handicapped with disabilities, mental, bodily, material, nevertheless we are not willing to

give up the ghost. We are not longing for the end to come. We take many precautions to stave off the end. We try to hide the appearance of age, we dread to see the first gray hairs.

If life be good to the average man; if, that is, the average life be good, it can only be because there is a preponderance of good in life as a whole.

Although the preponderance of good be true of the human race, does not the ceaseless struggle for existence forbid the idea of its being true of the animal world?

The marks of nature's cruelty and treachery are plain on every hand, she is "red in tooth and claw," we are told. "Every robin chirping on the holly", writes Frances Power Cobbe, "has been a parricide, every cuckoo filling the April woods with soft sound, has been a fratricide."

"What terrible and prolonged agony, what torturing suspense," exclaims Huxley, "must the deer suffer pursued by the wolf. He feels the enemy is gaining on him with every step, that a fearful death is slowly but surely drawing near."

"Few sights are more calculated to stir the sympathetic breast than the writhings of the cloven worm. If any creature, lacking a voice, yet proclaimed to heaven its agony, this is it."

In order to subserve some remote advantage to the race, nature sacrifices ruthlessly millions of lives.

All this sounds tragical enough, but on what does it rest? The sole ground for assuming that animals suffer in the way described, is that their feelings are the same as ours. For such an assumption there is not the slightest evidence. To speak of robins and cuckoos as parricides and fratricides, may be rhetoric, but is certainly not truth. The terms are applicable only

to those who, knowing what death is, and knowing the significance and sacredness of fatherhood and brotherhood, and knowing also that murder is a sin, do notwithstanding, slay father and brother. Who will affirm that even one of these conditions exists in the case of robins and cuckoos? That the deer makes strenuous efforts to escape the wolf, does not prove that the deer is aware of, and anticipates with horror, its impending doom. Any one who has tried to catch a skittish colt, or a young Texas steer, on the unfenced prairie, knows that they will make an equally desperate effort to escape, whether your object be to send them to the butcher, or to give them a feed of corn in a comfortable stable.

"We must keep in mind that these creatures while endowed with more than man's quickness of eye and ear, have infinitely less than man's powers of imagination. That the tenants of the land and water flourish exceedingly, notwithstanding their constant liability to attack by enemies, proves that they endure none of the mental agonies to which we under like conditions should be subject, but pass their lives in unsuspecting enjoyment. Instead of sending forth her children to be ever harrassed by painful apprehensions, nature weaves for them a protective mantle of mimicry, and weak things wear their fears in manifold broidery of plumage, and hair, and scale, upon their backs, instead of in their hearts."

[*H. H. Higgen.*]

As for the cloven worm, a recent writer remarks, "I suspect a good deal of sympathy has been wasted on the cloven worm. I am led to this opinion by the heartless conduct of the front end, which usually disappears down the hole. While the hinder part is

enduring the tortures of the rack, the other part exhibits about as much discomfort or concern as the end of a freight train which has broken a coupling. Now, it may be, that one end of an earth worm is a delicate high-strung creature, and the other a calloused brute. It is however very much more likely that neither half has the least suspicion that anything is wrong. The front end crawls off, because it is a front end and can crawl. The rear end, lacking the usual attachment, can only go through the motions of dragging itself up to the advancing front. There is really not the least evidence that the mental states of the worm, if it had any, are in the least degree altered, when it is cut in two, or strung on a hook. It would be possible to multiply indefinitely anecdotes of animals showing their indifference to pain. We are apt to forget that in spite of evolution, there is still, between ourselves and the lower animals a great gulf fixed. Whatever may have bridged that gulf once, the gulf is there now, and we only make ourselves ridiculous when we refuse to see it."

[*E. T. Brewster.*]

"I feel sure," says Alfred Russell Wallace, "that the appearance of pain in the lower animals is often deceptive. The only true guide to the evolutionist, is a full and careful consideration of the amount of necessity there exists in each group for pain sensation to have been developed.

"It depends fundamentally on utilities of life saving value, as required for the continuance of the race. Failure to take this into consideration results in the ludicrously exaggerated view, adopted by men of such calm judgment as Huxley, a view, almost as

far removed from fact or science, as the purely imaginary dogma of the poet,

“The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufference feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”

“Whatever the giant may feel, if the theory of evolution be true, the poor beetle certainly feels an almost irreducible minimum of pain, probably none at all.”

Up to the moment of dissolution the joy of life for every creature below the human race is probably unclouded. That the struggle for existence is an agonizing one, is a figment of the scientific imagination, due to projecting into the animal world feelings exclusively human. We know how we should feel, and imagine the animals feel likewise, but this is absurd, for were we to live like animals, we should be miserable, while they flourish, proving that the gamut of their sensations is a very different one from ours. As Mill somewhere says, dirt is not uncomfortable except to those who are unaccustomed to it.

The contention of the votaries of woe is not borne out by the observed conditions. In the animal, as in the human world, evil is outweighed by good. This receives further support from a fact which sometimes fails of the recognition it deserves.

Evil is outweighed by good, that is to say, good prevails in the world, for the reason that *beauty* prevails.

None will deny that the world, as a whole, is beautiful. A branch quivers, a blossom sways, a breeze sweeps the surface of the lake, water falls over the cliff, day dawns, fruit ripens, every move-

ment, every process, is marked by fitness, grace. When nature stirs, there is a concord of line, and mass, and tint, and tone.

“Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.”

Even in her sterner manifestations, the belching crater, the roaring torrent, the lightning’s flash, the upspringing flame, the storm’s dark rush, nature is seen clothed in splendor and magnificence. Regions of dread exist, parched deserts, blizzard swept ice fields, malarial swamps, but their acreage forms no more than a fraction of the total. They are as the mole on Aphrodite’s cheek, the one discordant measure in the orchestration of the symphony.

Objects and places which seem bare of every element of loveliness and altogether loathsome, as for example, the prisoner’s cell, the noisome vault, the offal heap, have but to be examined with vision reenforced by the microscope, and all is changed. The hard stone of wall and roof becomes a mosaic of gem like crystals, the slimy fungus growths are seen to be in reality, forests and groves of graceful vegetation, the decaying flesh vanishes and in its place are cell like structures radiant with all the colors of the rainbow. A lens reveals loveliness even in a maggot. Men of science tell us there is nothing intense light will not make beautiful.

This holds true of the realm of life, as of physical nature. The dragon fly flashing his jewelled body across the lake, the soaring bird, the crouching tiger, grazing cattle, the stag drinking at the tarn, trout

poising in the pool, throughout animated nature, richness of color, ease of action, strength and symmetry, are in evidence. These qualities are scarcely less conspicuous in the human race. Man is a fair and comely creature when he permits nature to have her way with him. "Here as among most savages," writes Dr. A. R. Wallace in his "Malay Archipelago," "I was delighted with the beauty of the human form, a beauty of which stay-at-home people can scarcely have any conception."

In spite of many shadows and much that is repellent, the general aspect of the world is unquestionably beautiful. This general loveliness of aspect would be impossible did not loveliness *preponderate*. Mineral, vegetable, animal, human, each has its characteristic mark, but the universal mark, stamped on all, is beauty. *Beauty* is the significant thing, the world's crowning quality.

A universe in which there is a predominance of beauty, must have been brought forth by, and must be sustained by, a beauty loving power, and it is surely inconceivable that a beauty loving power should be other than a power of goodness. That beauty is the expression of goodness, will appear more clearly, if we keep in mind, that in the realm of life, beauty is associated invariably with health.

Every one will agree that the glowing cheek, the sparkling eye, the upright carriage, are beautiful, and they are qualities of health. A horse in first rate condition, full of fire, and with glossy coat, is one of the handsomest creatures imaginable, and the points that constitute his handsomeness are all evidences of health.

At an horticultural exhibition one sees a collection of unusually lovely blossoms, and their unusual

loveliness is due to the fact that every one of them has been selected as a blossom in perfect health. If we want beautiful men, women, animals, flowers, trees, we seek healthy men, women, animals, flowers, and trees. If there be any loveliness in a living creature stricken with disease, it is only in so far as it retains a remnant of life and health.

Since beauty and health are synonymous, and since beauty in the world of life everywhere is in the ascendant, it would seem inevitably to follow that in the world of life, health also everywhere is in the ascendant.

That existence among living creatures must be on the whole healthy, appears a reasonable conclusion, else how could life continue?

No doubt there are deplorable facts to be accounted for, the victims of tuberculosis, cancer, malaria, pneumonia, etc.; the host of those who are physically unfit, the blind, the deaf, the lame. A little reflection however, will convince us that after all, the number at any one time under the doctor's care, cannot be more than a small fraction of the population. It is certain that were it otherwise, the mills would shut down, the railroads cease to run, weeds would flourish in place of wheat and corn. The fact that industry thrives is proof that on the whole, and with the exception of a small minority, our people are in a condition of vigorous life and health. It is not of course for a moment contended that the sanitary state of the nation is all that can be desired, far from it. What is meant is, that conditions of health preponderate. It may be said without exaggeration that most people experience in the course of their lives more well days than ill days.

Although much physical and mental disease exists,

it is not enough to affect the general truth of the statement, that since the world of life is a world in which the dominant quality is beauty, it is a world in which the dominant quality is health.

Health signifies freedom from pain, suffering, discomfort. The currents of life pulse through our arteries in a full tide, we experience a sense of buoyancy, we feel well.

Health therefore is a condition of well being. It is a joyful, pleasant, happy condition. Health and happiness go together, are inseparable, are the same thing. A healthy state is everywhere a happy state, and it is not to be denied that a happy state is a good state.

Consequently, since happiness is equivalent to the good, and since it has been shown that beauty and therefore health, and therefore happiness, is the dominant quality of the realm of life, it follows that the good also is the dominant quality of the realm of life.

Thus the witness of beauty confirms the conclusion reached by general observation, namely, that there is more good than evil in the world. It unites with the results of general observation to demonstrate not only that there is more good than evil, but an immense preponderance of good in the world.

A power capable of producing a universe in which there is an immense preponderance of good, must itself be good.

The truth of this is proved by the nature of evil. Evil is pain, pain is always evil. Pain is the poison, the sinister element. Whether the event be a wound, disease, accident, misfortune, sorrow, crime, whether it be voluntary or involuntary, physical, or mental, or moral, the element of evil therein, is the pain produced.

Objections considered.

Certain experiences seem difficult to reconcile with the above statement.

1. *Some evils appear devoid of pain: blindness for instance.*—Do we regard blindness as devoid of pain? On the contrary, we judge it to be evil just because to an intelligent living creature, loss of sight always means misery. Mental diseases producing coma, automatism, unconsciousness, result in a condition in which the subject is immune from pain, yet we reckon these diseases as evils. We do so, not because they bring immunity from pain, but because of the agony preceding the immunity. Moreover, in diseases of this kind, others besides the subjects themselves are affected. The mental affliction of one we have loved, causes suffering to a circle perhaps a very wide circle, of friends.

2. *Evils that are pleasureable.*—Many people find opium and chloral delicious, and alcoholic intoxication delightful. It is not the pleasure these things give that is evil. So long as pleasure is the sole result of their use, these things are not deleterious. They become so, they do harm, they are evil, just in so far as in spite of their joy giving properties, they involve pain to ourselves and others.

Is not sin or moral delinquency evil? Yet many sins are not painful but on the contrary wholly pleasant. The point to keep in mind is, that it is not the pleasure to ourselves that makes the act sinful, immoral, but the pain it gives to others. If we could have the pleasure without hurting anyone else, no wrong would be done. An immoral act is one in which we inflict pain on others, in order to enjoy some pleasure or profit ourselves. The moral

iniquity, the sin, is not our enjoyment of the pleasure or profit; pleasure and profit are in themselves always good; a pearl is still a pearl though it adorn a harlot's neck; the sin is in our willingness to enjoy pleasure or profit, at the cost of suffering to others.

3. *Pains that are beneficial.*— For example, excruciating surgical or dental operations may be agonizing, yet of advantage. How then can such pains be evil? The benefit these things accomplish is accomplished in spite of the pain. In so far as they are painful they are evil.

Some pain strengthens and purifies. The pain of punishment, for instance. Some poisons, as strychnine, heal disease when administered medicinally; but in these cases the instrument of healing remains itself a deadly thing. The poisonous medicine cures by arousing the reserve forces of physical nature. The poison of pain cures by arousing the reserve forces of the soul.

In the pain of punishment, the purpose is to quicken the reserves of moral energy. The culprit is stirred into a condition of active repentance and reform, and is made a new man. Nevertheless, the pain which brings about this highly beneficial state, is itself evil, and if continued too long, or administered in too large doses, would result in the destruction, instead of in the reformation of the subject.

The sooner we outgrow the necessity for using poison and pain, the sooner, that is, we reach a condition of mental and physical health, the better.

As things are, our present imperfect state compels us to make-shift with these imperfect remedies. Nor is it likely that in doing so we are going far astray, for the Creator himself inflicts a certain amount of pain upon all sentient creatures.

4. *Even when associated with virtue, pain is still an evil.*—A morally good action may necessitate pain, but it is not the pain that constitutes the moral goodness, the virtue. Under all circumstances pain is evil. The moral excellence consists in willingness to endure the evil of pain, in order to promote a greater good to our neighbor.

Jim Bludsoe held the burning steamer's "nozzle agin the bank till the last soul got ashore," and himself perished in the flames. The excellence of the deed we so much admire, was not in the agony experienced, but in the hero's willingness to suffer the agony for the sake of his fellow men.

Morality does not change the nature of evil, it changes only our attitude toward it on particular occasions.

On particular occasions our sense of moral obligation bids us forego advantage to ourselves, lest we inflict pain on others, and endure pain ourselves, if thereby, we can benefit others.

In moral situations as in all situations, evil is pain, pain is always evil.

The nature of pain:

Pain is the outcome of defect; it is a state of imperfection, of defective or imperfect health.

It is accompanied always by lowered vitality, and lowered vitality is characteristic of ill health. If inflammation shows increased vital activity at one particular spot, it is at the expense of the system as a whole.

Although a patient suffering from some forms of insanity may be endowed with the strength of ten, and with a restless energy well nigh insatiable, this

cannot be regarded as an addition to the vital powers. Rather is it due to the removal by disease of normally restraining conditions, which removal permits the vital energies to expend themselves violently and irregularly. Such headlong and wasteful expenditure of force implies no real gain to the total volume of force, but on the contrary, a distinct impairment of the general stock. This applies also, to the seemingly increased vital action induced by the pain of whip and spur.

Under all circumstances lowered vitality goes with pain, and lowered vitality signifies lowered health. Being a state of lowered vitality, pain therefore, is a state of lowered, defective, or imperfect health.

Since evil is pain, it follows that evil also, is a state of defect or imperfection, a state of defective or imperfect health.

From this, what appears a conspicuous exception leaps to view. Positive and aggressive acts of wickedness. This kind of evil must be, it would seem, something more than imperfection. It looks as if the evil of sin were due to an independent force antagonistic to good.

The burglar fells the inconvenient housholder with a blow on the head. The assassin drops his victim with a revolver shot. These are sinful deeds, and they are deeds of power, they exhibit positiveness, and forceful skill. Othello, in the play, beside himself with jealousy, slays Desdemona. An act of violence involving tremendous effort and a fierce and furious exercise of strength.

Nevertheless, is it not possible for an event to be positive and forceful in itself, and at the same time relatively weak and negative, exhibiting relatively, a lack of force, an imperfection of power?

For instance the report of a rifle is positive enough in itself, forceful, sharp, and ear piercing. Yet compared with the report of a twelve inch gun the crack of a rifle is a weak, puny, imperfect kind of explosion.

Regarded as isolated events, the acts of the burglar and assassin are manifestations of power. The element of loss or imperfection does not appear.

Regarded as activities of men, they assume a different aspect. What they represent as human deeds, can be estimated only by comparing them with human energies as a whole. How, then, do these particular deeds stand, when compared with the total amount of activity possible to the individuals concerned?

In the case of Othello, the murder of Desdemona necessitated the expenditure of much energy. This, however, was not the only course of action open to Othello. He might have refrained from murdering Desdemona. Why did he not refrain? There is only one imaginable explanation. It was harder to refrain than to yield to his passion. Great as was the effort demanded by the murder, to refrain from the murder demanded a still greater effort. To hold his hand required an exercise of self control so severe, that Othello shrank from making the effort. Finding it easier to yield to the impulse of passion than to control the impulse, Othello yielded. Immense as was the energy expended in committing the crime, it was less than the energy he would have had to expend in refraining from the crime.

The same is true of the burglar and assassin. They could have led decent lives and been good, industrious citizens, but such a course required an exercise of self denying will they found it hard to make. To prey

upon society, to drift down the stream of vagrancy, or to sweep along in the furious current of revenge and hate, was easier than to make head against the flood.

The sinful acts in the examples cited sprang from an effort of the will weaker and feebler than it might have been, and ought to have been.

In every instance sin is due to a defective or imperfect action of the will, for which we are responsible and to blame.

Like all other evil, the evil of sin is a form of imperfection.

In what way does this affect the subject under discussion, namely, the goodness of the Controller of the universe?

It affects it to the extent of barring out evil altogether from the nature of the Controller.

The infinite and eternal power of life whence all things proceed, is in every respect supreme and omnipotent, for there is none to dispute its rule, no rival to contest its sway.

Absolutely free and untrammelled, whatever limitations its activities assume, whatever modifications they adopt, are self assumed and self adopted.

Originating and controlling as it does all things and all powers, it possesses all things and all powers.

As a consequence it falls short of, and is lacking in, nothing.

An existence absolutely free, nowhere hindered or thwarted, falling short of, and lacking, nothing, is one in which every function fulfills itself and every quality manifests itself, in the highest degree of which its nature permits, and such an existence embodies the idea contained in the word *perfection*. The existence of the infinite and eternal Producer and Con-

troller of all things, is perfect existence. From this it follows, that in the nature of the Infinite and Eternal, there can be no evil, for evil is imperfect existence.

The character of evil itself, therefore, both confirms the conclusion drawn from the preponderance of good, and carries that conclusion a step further. We now see that the world Controller being free from imperfection, and so completely free from evil, is in consequence, good, not merely to a predominating extent, but altogether and absolutely good. In the soul's universe a power of perfect goodness rules.

3. *The place of evil in the scheme of things.*—If goodness rule, how account for the evil that actually exists?

To many it seems vain to talk of a righteous and kindly Providence in view of the appalling amount of misery visible on every hand. Can disasters and calamities happen and the supposed ruler and author of nature still be merciful, and just and good? How are these seemingly irreconcilable facts to be reconciled? Some attempt to explain evil as a delusion. It is a phantom and has no existence, they say. The most brilliant refutation of this extraordinary fallacy is probably the well known essay by Mark Twain, and to this the reader is referred. Another solution of the paradox has been attempted on the ground of indifference. Preoccupied with the creation and control of myriad worlds, why should we suppose the Lord of the universe to be other than heedless of our microscopic woes? Forgotten by God, it is inevitable that we should fall a prey to evil. The reply is, indifference to suffering is incompatible with even a moderate amount of goodness, still less with the power of perfect goodness by which we have assumed the universe to be ruled.

Some have sought to account for evil by imputing it to a hostile power. The world is divided between two rival and co-equal divinities, an *Ormuzd* and an *Ahriman*, who carry on unceasing warfare. This theory is inadmissible, giving to creation as it does, a double origin, and placing it under a two-fold regime, a notion at odds with the accepted principle of science that the universe is a single organized whole, controlled by a single supreme power.

Another doctrine ascribes the source of evil to an antagonistic and independent, but not co-equal power. A fallen angel, a satan, a devil, who while maintaining temporary hostilities is in the end destined to be vanquished and destroyed. This idea has the advantage of leaving the supreme power intact. Its defect is lack of evidence. There is nothing to show that it is true.

A less extravagant supposition will suffice to account for all the ill there is.

No other, or rival, power being possible as the source of evil, the Infinite and Eternal is its source. Since it can be due neither to the weakness, nor the error, nor the indifference, it must be due to the purpose and intention, of the Infinite and Eternal. Since the Infinite and Eternal is absolutely good, the fact we face is, that all the evil in the universe has its source in the purpose and intention of the absolutely good.

"I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things."

[*Isaiah 45, 7*]

What are we to make of such a situation? That good and evil should issue from the same source appears to some minds beyond comprehension.

"To present God as the responsible cause of the

enormity of suffering and of moral evil, and at the same time to present him as the perfect impersonation of justice and love, should by this time be seen to involve a hopeless contradiction, the conflict of two principles in irreconcilable antagonism," writes G. H. Howison.

[*Hibbert Journal.*]

Notwithstanding the formidable tone of this asseveration; that God *is* responsible for all suffering, that whatsoever misery there be, exists not in spite of, but because of, his power, is the conclusion to which we are forced alike by reason, experience, and observation. There is no rational alternative. So far from containing a "hopeless contradiction," or principles "in irreconcilable antagonism," this is the only conclusion free from contradictions and antagonisms.

Do not the plain facts of life bear witness that good and evil constantly issue from an identical source? Good people inflict evil out of their very goodness. Every physician, every magistrate, every commander, imposes suffering, hard work, perilous enterprises, upon his fellow creatures. Every prison, reformatory, operating theater, is the scene of human suffering prescribed by benevolent and kindly beings.

One of the most pathetic sights the present writer ever saw was the children's ward of a certain great hospital. The diseases under treatment were chiefly those of the spine. On every side lay pitiful little objects, some bound hand and foot, others stretched at full length, with weights attached. The feet of several were clamped in rack-like machinery, none could move, or sit up, or play, or see anything save the bare white walls. "Here indeed," the visitor from another planet might exclaim, "is proof of the in-

herent fiendishness of man." Appearances would justify his gloomy inference. Yet we know how far from the truth the inference would be. Were he to penetrate beneath appearances, he would discover all this misery to be the outcome, not of malevolence or cruelty, but of a devotion, a care, a forethought, a tenderness little short of heavenly.

In examples such as these, we do actually see evil and good issuing from a common source of goodness. Coming from such a source, evil possesses a certain mark and character.

Whatever be the nature of the suffering inflicted by good men and women, always and everywhere, with no exception, its impelling motive is one of benevolence. Pain may be imposed, intense suffering may result, still the intention is benevolent, the purpose remedial.

If this be true of the evil permitted and inflicted by the imperfect goodness of men and women, still more must it be true of the evil permitted and inflicted by the perfect goodness of the Infinite and Eternal.

Since evil issuing from good has invariably a benevolent and remedial intent, and since all the evil in the universe issues in the last resort from the perfect goodness of the Infinite and Eternal, all the evil in the universe is of the kind which is freighted with benevolent and remedial intent.

"The clouds which rise in thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain.
The blow most dreaded, falls to break
From off our limbs a chain.
And wrongs of man to man but make,
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,

On gleams of star and depths of blue,
The glaring sunshine never knew."

Whittier.

From this general truth there is an obvious exception. In the suffering caused by sin, in the misery thrust upon us by human carelessness, indolence, viciousness, we have a form of evil issuing, not from a benevolent, but from a malevolent, source. Its motive instead of being remedial, is either indifferent to consequences, or positively cruel and malignant.

Black as the fact of sin is, its most baleful effects are neutralized by the peculiar relations which exist between the sinner and his surroundings.

The doer of evil lives in a universe stronger than himself. Consequently, while he is able to determine his own intentions, he cannot determine anything else. The initial impulse, he may make as malevolent as he chooses, but he is powerless to make the outcome malevolent. The moment an evil impulse leaves his mind and becomes embodied in a deed, it falls into a sphere beyond his range of influence. From that moment his control over what has left him, is lost.

Now the universe into which the evil impulse falls is one governed by good, one in which, as we have seen, all suffering and pain is of the kind that comes from goodness, of the kind therefore, that makes for the ultimate welfare of the sufferer. When the malevolent impulse passes from the wrong-doer's mind, and enters as action into the universe, the universe closes round it, so to speak. From that instant, it ceases to be suffering issuing from the sinner, and becomes a part of the suffering which issues from the universe. Thereupon its character is changed. No longer evil

produced by evil, it becomes evil produced by good; — by the good universe.

In spite of the sinner's malevolent intent, the misery he seeks to inflict falls into line, and instead of ruining, will be found in the long run to have helped his victim.

Joseph is left at the bottom of a dry cistern to perish of hunger and thirst. That is the cruel intention. The result, utterly unlooked for, is that he becomes ruler of Egypt.

A treacherous friend blasts Silas Marner's reputation and forces him out upon the world apparently a ruined man. The traitor's intention was malevolent. He succeeded in inflicting agonising pain upon his victim. The outcome, nevertheless, was very different from that which malevolence desired. The suffering contributed, not to the destruction of Silas, but to his regeneration.

“So, almost without a pause between, he (the Major) had prayed for a hell to punish a crime, and for the safety of the treasured thing that was its surviving record, a creature that but for that crime would never have drawn breath.”

[“*Somehow Good*”, Wm. de Morgan]

It is, of course, but here and there that we are able to discern the issue. Could we trace to their ultimate destination the series of consequences that follow our misdeeds, we should find that always for our victims, they lead at last to good. What else is to be expected? The moment the evil impulse leaves the limited circle in which we rule, it enters a region where the forces behind it are the wholly benevolent and omnipotent forces of the eternal. The wicked man can originate independently, but he cannot

execute independently. The consequences of his vile purposes are beyond his control, and by the marvellous alchemy of the universe the actions he intends shall promote evil, are transmuted to the service of the world.

Such, unquestionably, will be the result for the victim, the case of the sinner is likely to be very different. "*It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.*"

The sinner does what nothing else ever does, he acts with malevolence. Of malice aforethought he adds to the sum of pain, and although for his victim the beneficence of the world will, in the end, neutralize the malicious intention, the sinner's guilt remains. He intends malevolence, and thus introduces discord into the harmony of things, disturbs the universal order, pits himself against the universe, attempts to resist the irresistible. The issue is not doubtful. Unconditional surrender is the sinner's solitary hope.

To the truth that all the evil in the world is of the kind that comes from goodness, and promotes, in the long run, the welfare of the sufferer, there is but a single exception, namely, the evil of sin, and that is an exception only as regards the sinner himself.

Evil is the consequence of the capacities with which we are endowed.

The immediate and efficient causes of sorrow lie in ourselves. The world does us no harm. Harm comes from our misuse of, and misunderstanding of, the world.

The sole sources of pain are the imperfections of our knowledge and our morals. Ignorance and selfishness are the breeders of ill. For the evil we endure,

God is responsible to the extent that he has created us imperfect.

Why has he created us imperfect? Apparently, because that is the only way in which we could be created. Since the Creator himself is perfect, and since all created things are less than their creator, all created things are of necessity, less than perfect.

We suffer, not merely because we are imperfect, but because we are imperfect human beings, with souls, possessed of sensibilities. Because we hope, love, desire.

“Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.”

From these sad sensations we might have been saved had we been placed lower down in the scale, endowed with vegetable, instead of with human natures. Yet, most of us feel that salvation on such terms is scarcely worth while. Not even to get rid of a toothache would we be turned into a potato.

Still another course is imaginable. Had we been placed higher up, instead of lower down, created mature from the start, with our faculties developed to the full, and working in undeviating accord with their surroundings, it seems as though we should have escaped the bitter episode of pain. Does not this motion involve a contradiction? We are conscious beings with all the wonderful possibilities this implies. Now, the plan above suggested might be fatal to experience, and it might be that without experience, consciousness could never be other than a pale phantom of its proper self. Like children learning to walk, we learn to live, and while we learn, we trip and

fall, and bump our heads against the corners of the world. It is unpleasant, but if it be the only way to build up consciousness, then, the temporary liability to pain may not be too high a price to pay.

“I know a limped stream that seeks the sea,
Between a surge of sedges fair it flows,
With scarce a ripple stirring its repose,
The very mirror of serenity.
From its well head till ocean claims its fee,
It breasts no barrier, daytime, dawn, or close,
Behold it still the same, come heat or snows,
With gentle murmur gliding tranquilly.

“Not thus would I move outward to the deep
Toward which all mortals hasten, with no bar
To overcome before I gain the goal.
Rather would I on some stern struggle leap,
Although my flesh be scored with wound and scar,
Inuring thus the fibre of my soul.”

Once more, could not our woes have been avoided, while retaining our human faculties, if we had been placed in a situation like the following?

“I know a place,” writes T. Van Ness, “where men do not smoke nor drink, where they are industrious and orderly, where they rise on time and go to bed on time, where there are no differences of rank or station, and where the table of one is as well served as the table of the other, where on Sundays in the most decorous manner they one and all go to religious service, and maintain correct behaviour, taking part in unison when hymn and liturgy are announced. This place is the Colorado Penitentiary at Canyon City. Law reigns there. It is the law of compulsion, of the shot gun. No personal liberty is allowed.”

The Creator might have made us prisoners in a penitentiary. Under such conditions we should have been exempt from the greater part of the difficulties, troubles, dangers, that now beset us. We should have been protected from all those sources of suffering caused by our errors, miscalculations, and ignorance.

That has not been the method. Instead, we have been clothed with sensibilities, and endowed with liberty, and the evils we encounter are the consequences of these gifts.

Although our sensibilities and our liberty are the sources of all our woe, they are the sources also, of all our happiness. This, Shelley discerned when he wrote:

“Yet if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born,
 Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy,
 We ever should come near.”

Heartrending as our sufferings often are, we carry with us the key of the door of deliverance. Pain and sorrow being due to imperfection, the result of the immaturity of the capacities with which we are gifted, as we advance in wisdom and strength of will, as we come to be more and more nearly “in tune with the infinite,” we may confidently look to see pain and sorrow forever left behind.

Summarizing the foregoing chapter.

We found that behind all things is one thing, and that one thing is a power of conscious life. Observation indicates and the witness of beauty proves, that in spite of a vast amount of misery the good in the

world outweighs the evil. From which the inference follows that good outweighs evil also, in the power of conscious life that brought forth the world. A study of evil itself, led to the conclusion that good not only outweighs evil in the nature of the supreme power, but predominates to the complete exclusion of it, with the consequence that the supreme power is wholly and altogether good. The goodness which rules over, and in, and through the universe, is perfect goodness.

This ruling goodness is, we saw, no mere passive, static, quality, but an infinite and eternal energy. Its relation to the universe is therefore, an energetic, a dynamic, relation. The influence exercised is one of movement, of compelling power, of driving force.

How is this situation to be interpreted? It would seem as though there could be but one interpretation. Behind all things is a driving force, infinite and eternal. Consequently, no region, no spot, escapes its pressure. The pressure is exerted not only at every point, but at every point it is exerted through every moment of time. The driving force exercising this pressure, is, it has been shown, a force of goodness. One outcome alone is conceivable to such a situation. Sooner or later, all things and all beings, will be subject to, will become dominated by, this irresistible energy of goodness, with the result that whatever is contrary to goodness, will be expelled from all things and all beings. Goodness will occupy every nook and cranny of the kosmos, will pervade every fibre of every individual soul.

CHAPTER V

SOUL AND OVERSOUL

In his "Farthest North" Nansen tells us that an Eskimo will always leave untouched the driftwood left by another above high water mark, although fuel is more precious than gold and often enough it could be appropriated without fear of detection.

Landing in a native village in West Africa, Mary Kingsley was freely given the use of a new house for which at the end of her stay the owner refused to receive any remuneration, on the ground that strangers should be housed without charge.

Plainly the impelling motive in these instances was a feeling about right.

All the great travellers and explorers bear witness to a sense of right, even in the remotest corners of the earth and among nations the most diverse. Its universality is confirmed by the religions, the philosophies, the literatures, of the world. It is assumed by our educational, legal, and commercial systems. That it has been possible to establish business relations with even the wildest tribes is proof that even the wildest tribes have a moral standard, though it may be a different one from ours, and hold themselves under an obligation to keep to it.

The feeling that right ought to be done, is common to humanity. Were any one to admit that he had no such feeling, the admission would stamp him who made it as inhuman. Manifesting itself in varying

degrees in different individuals, it is absent in none. Clearer in maturity than in childhood, more strongly marked among civilized than among savage people, in all natures that are human it exists.

Present everywhere, it is the same everywhere. The standard may differ, the outcome may differ, but the feeling that right ought to be done is identical, unchanging, and unchangeable. A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than Gladstone's moral attitude toward certain subjects at succeeding periods of his life. In 1831, as an Oxford undergraduate, he believed he was pursuing the course of duty in vehemently opposing the Reform Bill, and pleading for the continuance of slave labor in the West Indies. Ten years afterward, we find him taking an entirely new position and upholding with passion, power, and eloquence, precisely those things which in his earlier days he had regarded as full of peril. Looking at Gladstone's conduct superficially, it seems as though his motive had veered completely round. A closer view shows that on the contrary, different as were his lines of action, the underlying impulse remained the same. On each occasion, his endeavor was to carry out the felt obligation that right ought to be done.

The unstable element, the movable section, so to speak, consisted in the varying estimate of what constituted the particular right on the particular occasion. This, it is obvious, may change every day, even every hour of every day, without affecting the impression that whatever the right be, it ought to be done. Through all changes this remains unchanged the same feeling under every vicissitude. It is a permanent and constant quantity. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, and from generation to gen-

eration, it prompts us whenever two alternatives are before us to select that which appears to be right.

As the mariner's compass still points north, though the ship shift her course a hundred times, so the compass of our souls, however often we shift the direction of our activities, points constantly toward the right. It will be conceded by almost everybody, that in this universal and permanent feeling there is a quality of authority. We are conscious that we *ought* to do right.

Ought, is perhaps the most significant word in the language. It expresses relationship of a peculiar kind. A relationship of moral obligation. There is not the slightest compulsion, and yet this feeling of ought, of moral obligation, wields a strange authority. It seems to lay upon us a claim of allegiance. "To obey me is your duty," it whispers, and in our hearts we acknowledge the claim is just.

"So potent is its sway," says Darwin, "that man is often impelled simply by the deep feeling of right or duty, to sacrifice his life in some great cause." He mentions three Patagonian Indians, who preferred being shot, one after another, to betraying the plan of their companions in war.

A missionary in Madras, called upon to visit a dying leper, and regarding it as his duty to give to those at the point of death the kiss of peace, hesitated on this occasion. He himself was a Eurasian, and he believed that to Eurasians, actual contact with leprosy was invariably fatal. He turned to flee, terrified at the situation, but his sense of moral obligation would not let him go. Leaning against the doorpost he wrestled with his fears. On the one side, certain contamination with resulting death in slow

and loathsome form. On the other, the conviction that at whatever cost, that which he believed to be right ought to be done. With such overwhelming authority did this conviction make itself felt, that he conquered his shrinking flesh, returned to the bedside, and though trembling with dread, pressed with his lips the swollen, blackened countenance.*

The sovereignty this sense of duty exercises over our minds is indicated, also, by the consequences which ensue when we shape our conduct in defiance of its bidding. We are tormented with an inward accusation of unworthiness. We recognize that the part we have played is despicable.

Every year, the United States Treasury receives thousands of dollars from correspondents who conceal their names. They are people who in various ways have defrauded the revenue and wish to make restitution. An examination of the letters on file at the Treasury would convince any one that most of the contributors are sincerely repentant for some fraud on the government. Rarely does any sum come without an explanatory letter, and it is unusual to have any name signed. Some of the returns are trifling. One poor fellow makes restitution for two loads of wood he had stolen from the government reservation, saying, "let him that stole steal no more."

No one except themselves was aware of what these people had done. Yet, so powerful was the demand of the sense of moral obligation, that they were miserable until, to the best of their ability, they had atoned for their wrong doing.

* See, Guy de Maupassant's tale, "The Two Friends."

The broad fact is, that human beings feel themselves subject to an authoritative influence, a sense of *ought*, urging them toward what they believe to be right.

Whence does this influence, this sense of *ought*, derive its authority? What is its source?

Some writers affirm that its source is in self interest and prudence. Right pays, honesty is the best policy. Goodness is neither more nor less than sound worldly wisdom.

That many good deeds are due to the prudence of worldly wisdom, cannot be denied. The copper king, or the oil magnate, endows a hospital or a college, with the worldly wise purpose of gaining thereby social honors, but if prudence were the only source of good deeds, only prudent good deeds would be done, whereas, there are many, and they are those we admire most, which are the opposite of prudent.

Captain Oates drags himself from the storm battered tent, out to death in the cold of the Antarctic night, that the safety of his comrades may not be imperilled by the burden of his sick body.

Miss Jewel H. Reed, aged seventeen, student, having escaped from her burning dormitory, discovered that two girls, probably rendered unconscious by the smoke, had been left in an upper story. She determined to try and save them. Reentering the blazing house, she made her way through the flame and smoke, and succeeded in reaching the girls' room, but a fresh outburst of fire cut off the exit and she was burned to death.

A mill operative lost his arm, as a result of certain machinery being out of order. "If you want to keep your job," said the mill owners to the superintendent, "you must report the machinery as all right, else we shall have to pay heavy compensation."

The superintendent found himself up against a trying proposition. He must report an untruth or be summarily dismissed. He was a middle aged man. It was hard to be turned out into the world at his time of life. Nevertheless, he chose that course, lost his job, and died in comparative poverty.

All will agree that the impelling motive behind these actions was a feeling of ought, of duty, a sense of right. The source of this motive could not be prudence, for the actions to which it impelled were the contrary of prudent.

We see then, that in addition to good deeds done from motives of worldly wisdom, there are good deeds done from a sense of right, and into the motive of these, the element of prudence does not enter.

When a man is inspired by a deep sense of right, he acts without regard to consequences. In the cause of justice and mercy he is ready to fling forethought to the winds, and risk the loss of worldly possessions and even life itself.

In such cases, it is said, prudence is still the motive. The self-forgetful hero who thinks nothing of consequences, does so only in appearance. He looks to consequences just as carefully as anyone else, but the consequences to which he looks, instead of being in this world, are in the next. He expects to be rewarded in heaven for his righteous conduct on earth.

The conviction that glory awaits the hero in another world undoubtedly has inspired heroic deeds. Can it be said, however, that the inspiration in such instances is a sense of right?

With the vision of the black eyed houris of paradise flaming in his brain, the follower of the Mahdi hurls himself upon the bayonets of the British square. Brave as the deed is, if the joys of paradise be its

inspiration, its motive must be ascribed to a hope of gain, rather than to a sense of moral obligation.

On the other hand, so profound an observer of human nature as Tolstoy, bears witness that a man may be moved not by hope of gain, but solely by a sense of right, and when so moved, is capable, without any expectation of reward either on earth or in heaven, of as complete a sacrifice as that of the follower of the Mahdi.

In his story, "Divine and Human," Svetlogoub, the principle character, a rich young man, enjoys life to the full. At last, the sight of the people's misery awakens his moral sense. So great does he feel its authority to be, that he is impelled thereby to devote his time and money to philanthropic purposes. As a result of helping a revolutionary friend, he is arrested, and condemned to death. By revealing to the government his friend's name, he himself could escape. The temptation is almost irresistible, but the authority of his consciousness that right ought to be done is strong enough to enable him to stand firm, and he goes to his execution without uttering the incriminating word.

In Svetlogoub's case, at any rate, the sense of moral obligation by which he was impelled cannot have had its origin in self-interest, for he surrenders everything in this world, and has no faith whatever in a world to come.

Self interest is the source of many good deeds, but not of the good deeds inspired by a feeling of duty, of ought.

If the feeling about right does not arise from prudential motives from what does it arise?

It arises, say some, from social motives. It is due

to the educative influences brought to bear on us by Society.

The question being the genesis of the moral sense, of its birth, and its beginning, this theory postulates, to start with, a state of society in which morals are as yet non-existent, and assumes that at some particular moment through the action of this unmoral society, morals were brought forth.

It will hardly be disputed that non-moral societies are moved by non-moral motives; motives, that is, which have no reference to right and wrong. It will be conceded further, that all human motives other than those connected with right and wrong, may be classified as motives of pleasure and pain, "our two sovereign masters." We have thus, to start with, a condition of society the moving impulses of which are those of pleasure and pain.

What kind of influences can a society so moved, bring to bear upon its individual members? It can bring to bear in the first place, the influence of the whole over the part, of the greater over the less, of the majority over the minority, of the stronger over the weaker, the influences namely, of force, of compulsion.

It can bring to bear in the second place, influences which operate through the desire for pleasure, the fear of pain; that is to say, through hope of reward and the dread of punishment, through bribery and the "big stick."

Force, cupidity, fear, then, are the instruments an unmoral society has it in its power to use.

It is reasonable to imagine that using these instruments with relentless severity, a certain order and discipline might be secured. The strong might be

able to bribe and flog the weak into submission to the rules which the strong ordained.

For the coerced masses these rules might become the indisputable law. Such a social organization might be orderly and obedient to a very high degree; nevertheless, the order and obedience would be those of the barracks and the penitentiary. The discipline would be of the kind maintained by the whip of the master over a gang of slaves.

The theory we are discussing, assumes a very different result. It supposes that by the use of these social instruments a feeling of right and wrong will be engendered. That in time the coerced masses would come to obey because of a consciousness that they *ought*.

If only these social influences be continued long enough it is said, the result will be a moral sense.

Yet surely it is self-evident that these expectations are groundless. "From such materials, a million years will no more generate a conscience, than they will raise a cedar of Lebanon from a chalk stone."

In what imaginable way can the social influences of compulsion, cupidity, and fear, create a sense of moral obligation, of loyalty to duty?

How can compulsion create it? Our experience is not that we are compelled to do right, but that we ought to do it.

How can expectation of rewards, or fear of punishment, create it? The moral sense bids us do right whatever the consequences.

By such means the feeling of moral obligation might be strengthened in an individual already possessed of a moral sense, but it is as inconceivable that social influences of compulsion, cupidity, and fear, could

produce a moral consciousness where none existed, as to suppose the chromatic scale could be produced on the keyboard of a piano in which every string was of the same length, merely by diligent strumming.

Society can coerce, bribe or threaten us into consent to, or conformity with, its customs and conventions; but that conformity with social conventions is one thing, and our feeling about right quite another, is proved by the fact that the latter often impels us to take a stand in irreconcilable opposition to the former.

Again and again men and women have flatly antagonized not only the customs of society hallowed by long descent, but things which society regards as its vital interests.

A Wyclif and a Luther raise their voices against the creeds of centuries. A Thomas Clarkson and a Granville Sharp head an unpopular movement for the abolition of the slave trade, a movement which seemed to their contemporaries to strike at the roots of vested interests and to threaten the privileges of private property. In innumerable other instances we see the feeling about right prompting to courses in uncompromising antagonism to social usages. How can it be the product of that to which it is capable of irreconcilably opposing itself?

Another school finds the source in our animal ancestors, in forms of life lower than our own.

No one denies that many objects are derived from predecessors externally unlike themselves. The bird from the egg, the plant from the seed, for example, but no one doubts that internally and actually egg and seed contain the embryo respectively of bird

and plant. When it is said that the source of morals is in the lower forms of animal life, we are assuming that moral natures have issued from natures, by implication, destitute of even the embryo of morality. This is irrational. We can no more grow a sense of right out of elements destitute of a sense of right, than we can grow a crop of wheat by plowing the sea sands. Some minds seem to think that everything is explained by the term amalgamation. That somehow if we mix things well enough and long enough miraculous results ensue. But if there be only porridge in the pot, only porridge will come out of the pot for all our stirring. The outcome of the mixing will be always of the same order as that to which belong the ingredients mixed.

The inherent unsoundness of the principle which would draw our feeling that right ought to be done, from natures that have no such feeling, is to some extent hidden by the specious language in which it is usually expressed. Darwin, for instance, in his "Descent of Man," says that it seems to him in a high degree probable "that any animal whatever, endowed with well marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as the intellectual powers had become as well developed, or nearly as well developed, as in man."

It is difficult to see how "social instincts" can mean anything else than impulses of gregariousness prompting individuals to associate together for purposes of common profit and advantage.

Such impulses are at bottom nothing more than the desire to obtain pleasure and avoid pain. The motive forces behind social instincts are those of pleasure and pain. The same is true of intellectual

powers. In their essence they are the instruments by which we perceive and judge, compare and adapt, means to ends. We use these instruments because we desire to obtain things that will be of advantage, in other words, things that will be sources of pleasure and happiness, or will protect us against loss, harm and pain.

Consequently pleasures and pains are the motive impulses behind social instincts and intellectual activities.

Now the impulse behind our feeling about right is, that right ought to be done regardless of pleasure or pain.

It was not to embrace a pleasure or avoid a pain that the Eurasian missionary kissed the leprous lips, and that Svetlogoub surrendered his fortune to the poor, and his neck to the hangman.

The impulse here was a sense of loyalty to something to which they felt they owed allegiance. In obedience to this feeling, pleasures and pains, advantages and fears, were trampled underfoot.

Is it not contrary to reason to draw from pleasures and pains impulses which totally ignore pleasures and pains?

Again, we are assured that it is a waste of energy to seek the source of our moral sensibility elsewhere. The source is here in ourselves. It is the voice of my higher self admonishing my lower and more brutal self.

Plausible but fallacious. The phrase higher self admonishing the lower self is misleading. There are not two individuals within my skin, one of them able to "boss" the other, as seems to be implied. Those who use the expression "higher self" admonishing the

"lower self," mean probably, that, feeling right ought to be done, I curb my lower impulses.

What we desire to know, is, whence comes the feeling that I ought to curb my lower impulses, a feeling which I myself experience as an authoritative demand imposed on me?

Since that which imposes authority cannot be the same as that on which the authority is imposed, the source of this authoritative feeling imposed on me cannot be in me but must be in something else.

Obviously, one section of myself is incompetent to impose an authoritative obligation on another section. It requires a man to exact obedience from even the feeblest of his fellows, while this theory would have us suppose that in the moral life, the strongest and most self-reliant yield obedience to something that is only half a man.

If not in our ordinary self, is it not possible the feeling has its source in that marvellous extension of ourselves revealed by modern psychology, and called the subconscious or transmarginal self? Is the feeling of ought due to "an explosion into the fields of ordinary consciousness of ideas elaborated outside of these fields, in subliminal regions of the mind?"

Several difficulties stand in the way of this supposition. Uprushes of the subconscious take place apparently, only under hysterical or at least abnormal conditions. The feeling of moral obligation, on the contrary, is in the strictest sense an experience of normality, always with us, part of our working everyday outfit.

That a welling up of the subconscious should have something to do with the flashes of insight, and the moments of inspiration, of men of genius, as F. W. H.

Myers held, appears reasonable enough, but that such uprushes are the same thing as the quiet, persistent whispers of the inward monitor, will be for most of us probably inconceivable.

Again, both the uniformity and the universality of the sense of right make against the notion that its source is in the transmarginal region. These regions must be supposed to differ from each other as the individuals to whom they belong differ. It is therefore not easy to see how they could give rise to an identical feeling, except in so far as they were acted upon by an identical agency beyond themselves.

Furthermore, whatever be the character of the wider self in other respects, it is a part of *me*, a submerged trait of my personality.

Since the feeling about right is of the nature of an authority laying an obligation upon *me*, and since the subliminal element is part of *me*, the authoritative obligation of righteousness, is authoritative for the subliminal, as for the rest of *me*, and as a consequence must have its source elsewhere than in the subject over which its sway is wielded. If this subliminal is not part of *me*, but is external to my totality of being, then the argument that the source of the feeling about right is in myself, because it is in this subliminal element, falls to the ground.

To review what has been said.

When we attempt to trace the feeling about right, the sense of ought, to its source, we are unable to find the source in prudential motives, or in social pressure or influence, nor is it the result of the growth of moral sensibility from lower forms of life. The

magic of amalgamation is incompetent to produce morality out of non-moral ingredients, nor can it spring from our inner, or from our submerged, consciousness. Whence then does it spring?

Since its origin is not to be discovered in those sections of our surroundings which are on a level with ourselves, namely, in human society or in our own consciousness, and since it does not issue from forms of life which are lower than ourselves, the indications are that it comes from a source higher than ourselves.

Consider once more the situation. A sense of obligation to do right is experienced by the whole of mankind, and experienced as an authority they are in duty bound to obey.

Do not these facts suggest, to some extent at least, what the nature of its source must be? The feeling is, in the first place, common to all mankind, a universal experience. In the second place, it is the same everywhere. Not unstable, desultory, but immutable, invariable, permanent. In the third place, it imposes itself upon us with authoritative power. It speaks to the soul with a sovereign voice. We acknowledge, and we cannot help acknowledging, that we ought to discharge our moral obligation. Try as we may, we are unable to rid ourselves of the consciousness of allegiance owed to right.

Here then, is an immutable feeling imposing itself upon us with authority. Consequently, whencesoever it may come, it must be from some source higher than ourselves, for only that which is higher than, superior to, ourselves can be experienced by us as an authority. Furthermore, this feeling is experienced as an authority by the entire human race. Its source therefore,

must be above, higher than, superior to, the entire human race.

It will scarcely be denied that whatever is above, higher than, superior to, all that is human, is superhuman. From this the conclusion appears inevitable that the source of our feeling that right ought to be done is a superhuman source. "The moral law comes to us out of the infinite depths and heights. It is a voice that speaks to us out of the ultimate reality of things."

An ineridible doctrine, opposed to the whole trend of modern thought, it will be said. Yet the doctrine rests upon a fact imbedded in the very centre of our human nature. To refute the doctrine, either we must get rid of the fact, or find some other than a superhuman explanation.

We cannot get rid of the faet. The feeling that right ought to be done is universal and ineradicable, part of the equipment of rational beings. Were we without the feeling, it would mark us as either less than, or more than, man. With regard to its explanation, our endeavor has been to show that none but a superhuman one meets the ease.

This being admitted, the final and momentous result at which we arrive, is, that since our feeling about right is a manifestation of the superhuman, and since its influencee is exercised over the entire human raee, therefore, the entire human raee is actively and unremittingly influeneed toward righteousness by a superhuman agency. By an agent of the Eternal both sage and savage are attended on their way. At every stage of the journey of life soul is in touch with Over-soul.

From such contact may not streams of energy, may

not fire from heaven be drawn? Experience shows that we are able to reduce the thread of connection with the superhuman almost to the vanishing point. Can we not also enlarge it, until the superhuman permeates our being? With the cooperation of these higher powers it should be possible for us to transform our lives.

CHAPTER VI

THE CONDUCT OF THE SOUL

1. *The Soul's Quest*

Surrounded by a world on the whole, immeasurably stronger than itself, the soul makes the amazing discovery that in some respects it is stronger than the world.

“In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not wined nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody but unbowed.

“It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul.”

The great and powerful universe can crush and kill us, but it cannot make us say “yes” if we decide to say “no.” To a limited extent we are independent of the world. Within prescribed bounds we possess a real detachment and freedom, and are able to choose our own course. The ever pressing question is, how to choose?

Instinctively, the soul chooses for its own benefit, uses its independence to seek its own good.

We perceive in ourselves certain appetites and desires, impulses in a deep and true sense sacred, in

as much as they are rooted in the nature of things, in the divine order. These appetites and desires, for food, drink, warmth, companionship, admiration, possessions, power, love, beauty, etc., we seek to satisfy, and in their satisfaction we find our welfare, our pleasure, our happiness, our good.

As John Stuart Mill writes: "To think of an object as desirable (unless for the sake of its consequences), and to think of it as pleasant, are one and the same thing, and to desire anything except in proportion as the idea of it is pleasant, is a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

When we say, the soul seeks its own good, we mean then, that it seeks to fulfil its desires, finding in such fulfilment pleasure or happiness. This constitutes its good. The most rational view of the difference between pleasure and happiness appears to be that it is one of degree. If pleasure be represented by a single musical note, then, happiness is a number of notes sounding in harmony. We cannot perhaps define happiness. We do not need to define it. Every one knows what it is, and recognizes it as a desirable condition, as something good. Light on the point may be gained possibly, from the consideration that both happiness and the good are allied to worth. All good things we regard as of more or less worth. The worth of things lies wholly in their capacity to give pleasure or happiness. Rubies and diamonds are precious, are of worth, only because they contribute to this end. Did rubies and diamonds give us pain instead of pleasure, their price would drop to zero. Different things have different rates of worth for different people, but in every instance the thing's worth consists in the amount of pleasure or happiness it gives.

Since good is equivalent to worth, and since happiness is also equivalent to worth, and since things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, therefore, what we call the good, and what we call happiness, are equivalent.

The good is thus identical with happiness. The highest good is that which promotes in the highest degree the happiness of all.

Some have said that the highest good is perfection, but of what avail is perfection without happiness? Others have regarded character as the highest good, yet of what worth would character be, if it produced nothing but misery? We value character because we believe that through it may be obtained the opposite of misery. Are there not forms of happiness which instead of being good, are evil? Those of the drunkard and the libertine, for example? In such instances, it is not the pleasure or happiness that is evil, the evil element is the pain caused to others, and ultimately to ourselves, by drunkenness and immorality. In using its independence to seek its own good, the soul seeks happiness. For no other end is it in the least worth striving.

2. *The Soul's Dilemma*

Thus, the path seems plain and clear. Not far, however, do we travel along the way of life, before the pursuit of pleasure receives a check. The soul finds itself compelled to pause, and think, and question. Potent as the impulses of appetite and desire are, the soul is not the slave of these impulses. If it choose to do so, it can refuse to yield to them, and in certain instances it knows it ought to refuse. It

is aware of a peculiar sensation that, in certain instances, not pleasure, but right, should be our aim.

The source and significance of this, the central fact of our experience, has been discussed in a previous chapter. The feeling that right ought to be done was there shown to be acknowledged as authoritative by the whole human race. Every one will agree that right has to do with the good. We ought to do right means we ought to do what is good, in other words, what promotes happiness. Hence the feeling about right and the instincts of the soul point in the same direction, namely, toward happiness. Conflict comes, only where there is an option between different happinesses. Every one will agree further, that the feeling we ought to do what is good, means, we ought to do what is good always and everywhere, and to the utmost of our ability. The only limit the moral sense recognizes is the limit of capacity. Do all the good you can, is the criterion. When therefore, we are confronted by alternatives both good, evidently, we ought to take the course promoting the greater good. How are we to know the greater good? We are endowed with no infallible instrument of discrimination. The feeling about right is no such instrument. It begins and ends in a sense that right ought to be done, that we are in duty bound to do it. As to which is the right, the greater good, on any particular occasion, it gives no indication.

We ourselves must use our wits and exercise our intelligence. The course we judge and believe to be for the greater good, is for us, the right, and that course the sense of moral obligation bids us pursue. We may be mistaken. Correct judgment depends chiefly on the amount of our knowledge, and this

depends on education. Against error, education is the only safeguard.

The direction we take, in our endeavor to obey the feeling about right, thus hinges on our possibly mistaken judgment. There is no help for this. We have to run the risk. Our line of action may not be that which in reality makes for the larger volume of good or happiness, and later on we may suffer from the consequences of our error, but the suffering will be of the kind that follows an error, not of the kind that follows a moral wrong, a sin. If we have adopted the plan of action which to the best of our judgment and belief was for the right, then, however foolish our conduct from a practical point of view, and however unfortunate the outcome, our conscience will be clear.

In many, perhaps in the majority of situations, no effort is required on our part to decide which the greater good is. If the question be of my own good and that of the community, clearly, the greater good lies in the direction of the community. If the issue be between myself and another individual, the greater good will be promoted by sharing my good with him, for the obvious reason that the good of two is greater than that of one. In such examples the issue may be read by him who runs. Other situations present difficulties, for example:

Two passengers from a torpedoed liner are clinging to a plank. One of them is a ship's stoker, the other a young doctor, a specialist in childrens' diseases, with important achievements in research work to his credit, and a brilliant career opening before him. He sees that the plank cannot support two. One of them must seek safety elsewhere, if the other is to survive. Which is it to be? The stoker is the older and the

weaker man, but at all costs he wants to live, and clings desperately to the plank. In the doctor's mind a strife, an agitation, takes place. Carefully trained, highly educated, is he not worth more to the world than a common coal shoveller? Yet this coal shoveller may be the father of a family, have many attached friends, be a valuable citizen. After a few moments the young physician quietly lets go his hold, swims away, and overcome with cold and exhaustion, presently sinks. During the next half hour the stoker is rescued by a passing boat.

In this instance, the question was not of sharing, but of surrendering, happiness. Did the young doctor make a mistake. Would he have promoted the larger happiness by preserving his own life, and shaking the other fellow off? Science and philosophy may reply, 'yes, the man was a fool.' As the crackling of sticks, will such an answer seem to many of us. The man could not indeed be certain the course he took would secure the larger happiness, but the course he took makes *us* certain that the larger happiness was his pure untainted aim. Sure of this we, revere him as a hero, and our hearts offer him their homage.

When a conflict arises between our own good and that of other people, our moral sense bids us make for what we believe to be the larger good, even at cost to ourselves, even though such a course involve the surrender of the whole of our own good.

"When joy and duty clash
Then joy must go to smash."

is the sum and substance of the ethical law. Obedience to the ethical law; that is, to the mandate the

feeling about right lays upon our heart, is what is meant by moral goodness. Moral excellence consists in willingness to endure loss and pain ourselves, for the sake of promoting the good; that is, the happiness, of others.

When the "Titanic" struck the iceberg, the men remained on board and went down with the ship, in order that there might be room for the women and children in the boats. The deed was morally excellent, and the men were moral heroes, because out of loyalty to their sense of right they voluntarily endured pain themselves, in order to secure good, or happiness, for others. They deliberately chose the course of action which they believed promoted the larger amount of good, although, they themselves suffered in consequence.

The ineradicable conviction of mankind is, that although those who sacrifice themselves for others seem to incur defeat and total loss, there is somehow, in spite of appearances to the contrary, instead of defeat, victory, instead of loss, gain.

An inkling of the truth at the bottom of this conviction may be obtained, perhaps, from the consideration that if all things be related, then all souls are related, soul life with soul life, and the whole with the common source of life. Such being the case, is it not imaginable that selfishness reduces the links of relationship and thereby tends to isolate the soul, and correspondingly to weaken it, while on the other hand, unselfishness adds to those links, in this way bringing the soul's individual life into closer touch with the universal life? Would not this be likely to result in an increase of the power and vitality of the individual, far outweighing the loss incurred through self sacrifice?

Evidenee exists whieh supports this idea.

The case of Charles Lamb, for instance. For the sake of his poor mad sister, Lamb saerified at the outset of his career ease and comfort, prospects of marriage, and opportunities of devoting himself to study; surrendered, in faet, about all that for most of us makes life worth living. Nevertheless, it would appear that out of his surrender of good came an inerease of good. Before this time, he tells us, he himself had had at least one attack of the insanity whieh was hereditary in his family. After this renunieation for the sake of a fellow creature, the tendency to mental unsoundness entirely disappeared, his mental nature seemed quiekened, his imagination strengthened. "With me," he wrote, "the former things are passed away. I have something more to do now than to feel."

Writing from the battle-fields of France and Flanders, an Ameriean newspaper correspondent declared, "In seores of instances I have been with men in their dying moments, men who have laid down their lives for their country, and in every instance their minds were serenely content. On their faces was an expression of radiant happiness."

Always, the saints have counted it not loss but gain to suffer in the cause of justice and mercy.

3. The Easier Way.

Admirable though the course described may be, it is not a neecessary course. There is an alternative. It is possible to ignore the feeling about right, refuse to incur loss and pain at the call of duty, and turn instead to seek our own happiness without consideration for others.

Strong tendencies urge us in that direction. Look out for number one, everybody for himself, is the easier way. Why should not the soul choose the easier way? Were we as the creatures of the jungle and the poultry yard, this would be our proper course. It is not our proper course only because we are not as the creatures of the jungle and the poultry yard. We possess a quality of which they are destitute. In addition to their animal instincts we have an instinct that is not animal, something much more than an instinct, a feeling unique and extraordinary about right. A feeling that bids us on certain occasions shape our conduct by other than animal motives, by motives of unselfishness, of altruism.

But to shape our conduct after this fashion is irksome. Why not yield to the pleasant beast-of-the-field impulses, and seek after our own safety, and comfort, and wellbeing? Often enough this seems the natural, the common sense thing to do. Ordinarily, it is also the right thing to do. It becomes wrong only when our welfare conflicts with the welfare of others. It is wrong under these circumstances only because we know a higher, if a harder, way. Yet not by heroes are those blamed who shrink from the supreme sacrifice. The trouble is, evasion of sacrifice brings no satisfying results. We are not made happier thereby, but the contrary.

Alluring, pleasant, desirable though the way of selfishness appear, it is the way of folly as well as of moral wrong. Always the quest for joy through selfishness is a failure. The price paid outweighs the joy gained. Selfishness, sin, (sin is nothing but selfishness,) leads to misery, never to anything else, for as was before shown, the feeling about right is the expression in our humanity of the governing goodness

of the universe. The obligation laid upon us by the moral sense is thus no mere human ordinance, or man made rule and law, but a summons from the Eternal. When, therefore, the soul sets itself in opposition to the sense of moral obligation, it is setting itself in opposition to a power omnipotent, invincible, and in the end, irresistible.

For a time opposition may be maintained, but the final and certain outcome is defeat. Defeat signifies the necessity of conforming to the will of the conqueror. Since in this case the conqueror is the supreme power of righteousness, to righteousness the defeated must ultimately conform. The soul which has accustomed itself to evil will be obliged both to accustom itself to good, and so radically to change its own inner nature as to acquire a desire for the good, a hunger and thirst after righteousness. Clearly the preliminary step in such a process must be a contrite acknowledgment of guilt and error. Not until conviction on this point has been reached will any genuine rearrangement of ideas concerning good and evil be possible. Even when this valley of humiliation has been traversed, the soul will find itself no more than at the beginning of the way. Painful will it be, for the only exit from the valley of humiliation, is through the door of reparation and atonement. When the prodigal, in the parable, returned home, was it not to take up, after the interlude of the fatted calf, the hard drudgery of a hired servant?

On the other hand, while obedience to duty results often in painful experiences, these are incidental. We have seen that the summons comes from the super-human, from the heights of the Eternal, from the power which is a power of perfect life. It is therefore toward

perfection of life that we are called, and perfection of life means happiness.

Through obedience, the soul not only sets its face toward ultimate happiness, but at once enters into alliance with the Eternal, comes into accord with the Most High, links soul with Oversoul, establishing thereby an inflow of what must prove in the long run, transforming vitality and strength.

That way salvation lies, for though the path lead up many a steep hill and down many a dark ravine, the trail is blazed by the axe of God, and each step brings us nearer to that state in which suffering is outgrown because imperfection is outgrown.

4. *Practical Consequences.*

The business of the soul, it has been said, is to make for happiness, with the single condition that when there is a choice between alternative courses of action, the soul shall choose that which to the best of its belief promotes the larger amount of happiness, even at cost of its own.

How would this work out in practice? If this principle were acknowledged as the supreme rule of life, how, for example, would it affect the use of force? It would limit the use of force to protection and defense. But, if I am sure that my system of government, or my method of social organization, or my doctrines of religion, promote the largest amount of happiness, am I not justified in compelling their acceptance by other people? I have no such justification, for it must be remembered that other people may be equally sure that some different kind of government, or social system, or religion, makes for the largest happiness. Consequently, however con-

fident I may be that I possess the truth, so long as I acknowledge each man's right to do what he believes to be right, it can never be my right to force my truth on another man. Had the Spanish Inquisitors recognized this principle, there would have been no Inquisition. Had the Protestants recognized it, there would have been no hanging of Papists. If every one did what he believed to be right, and permitted the same privilege to his neighbor, and if every one conceded that for every one the right course is to promote the largest amount of happiness in sight, not only should we make an end of tyranny and intolerance, but peace and good will would be assured.

How would the establishment of this principle affect the individual citizen? It would foster and develop the individual through fellowship with other individuals. Were this principle the rule of life, no one would seek his own happiness regardless of his neighbors, for the happiness of no individual, taken by itself, can ever be the largest in sight. I must, if I follow out this principle, seek always the happiness of others in addition to my own, and sometimes to the loss of my own, and others, in their turn, must in addition to their own, and sometimes at the cost of their own, seek also my happiness.

Were we always busy promoting the happiness of our neighbors, and were our neighbors equally busy promoting ours, all the world would be happy, selfishness would be eliminated, and sin would cease. The ideal of socialism, each for all and all for each, would be attained without the burden of a rigid socialistic system.

Since the one thing we desire of other people is that they promote our happiness, when we seek to promote theirs, we are doing to them what we would

have them do to us. By putting our principle into practice, therefore, we establish the golden rule as the universal law of life.

With the golden rule accepted universally, errors of judgment would be the only remaining sources of discord. For errors of judgment, more knowledge, more enlightenment, are the remedies, and these it may well be the care of society to impart.

CHAPTER VII

THE DESTINY OF THE SOUL

**What of the future? What of the destiny of the soul?
LIFE is the desired destiny.**

INSTINCT whispers that with a sufficiency of life, the rest will take care of itself.

Sometimes we cry out against life and question its worth, but in our calmer moments we recognize these despairing moods to be the aberrations of a mind unhinged by pain. When we come to ourselves we perceive that what we need is more, not less of life.

Our woes are due to the defects, to the imperfections, of existence, and these imperfections are the result of the meagreness of the measure of existence that is ours.

The current of our vitality runs low. It is like a trickling stream finding its way with difficulty among the boulders, each pebble a hindrance. A few weeks later boulder and pebble have disappeared. Every obstacle is overcome and the change is wrought not by removing the obstacles but by adding to the volume of the stream.

So from our troubles deliverance is to be found through an increase in the volume of our vitality. Give us vitality enough and our infirmities will vanish.

“Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath

Has ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life not death for which we pant
More life and fuller that we want.

Few probably formulate the desire to themselves. It lies nevertheless an ineradicable instinct in the depths of being. The endeavor after success, achievement, wealth, amusement, what are these but expressions of the passion for larger, richer, more potent, vitality. The passion is justified, it is in accord with the order of things. The physical world is pervaded by a movement of development and the general direction of development appears to be from less to more life.

That this is the case with individuals is beyond question. No individual remains stationary. Every man makes some advance during his earthly journey. The saying of Job "naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I return thither" must not blind us to the truth that mentally a man is very far indeed from being as naked when he leaves the world as when he enters it.

In every instance even the most degraded savage achieves some mental gain, adding thereby, to the volume of his life. Is it not to life also that we are called by the sense of moral obligation? He who loses his life in the cause of justice and mercy, we have been told, shall find it again, enriched, enlarged.

The desire of the soul is therefore one and the same with the end toward which all animated nature moves. A happy augury that the desire will be satisfied.

But a shadow falls across the dial, the dark shadow of death. What does it portend? Is the "fell sergeant's strict arrest," the final cessation of consciousness? In appearance, at least, the soul's life

is extinguished, can it be so in reality? Plainly enough, death means the end of the body. We see incurable decay breaking down the substance of tissue and bone until the whole is dissolved into dust. But what of the soul? Wistfully our hearts ask, is there reasonable ground for thinking the inward self survives the shock of dissolution and passes in safety the peril of the grave?

An affirmative answer may be given without hesitation. There is very good ground for believing that, as regards the soul, death is an emancipator rather than a destroyer. There is a weighty volume of evidence in favor of the soul's continued existence.

Continued existence is suggested by the indestructible nature of the soul.

We know that it is made of different stuff from the body. As a consequence, it is not likely to be subject to the forces of destruction which prey upon the body. The whole of the material universe is in the grip of a subtle, unceasing, irresistible, power of disintegration. Wise men tell us the world itself is growing old and is slowly but surely moving toward a point of time when all heat having passed off, it will crumble down and finally dissolve into that impalpable cosmic dust out of which it was originally formed.

Insignificance is no protection. These relentless agencies are busy alike with the world and with the tiny specks of matter floating in a sunbeam.

Vast as the power of disintegration is, it is capable of working in but one way. Its activities are confined within the limits of a single process. Be it a rock, or a wall, or a tree, or a corpse, whether the operating agency be water, or frost, or wind, or fire,

whether destruction be instantaneous, or gradual, sudden, or by slow degrees, the end is in every case accomplished by the same means.

Call it decay, or dissolution, or death, the method is identical. The forces of disintegration work by rending assunder, by pulling apart, the groups and fragments of groups of infinitely minute particles which constitute the substance of all material things, thus utterly destroying the object, the thing, whch was composed of those particles.

How is it with the thinking mind, the living and conscious soul? As we have seen it does not consist, like flesh and muscle, of groups or bunches of particles. In what manner, then, can the forces of dissolution lay hold of it? These forces destroy, by rending assunder the material of which their victim is fashioned, but here there is no material. They achieve their mission by tearing apart the particles, the atoms, which form the substance of their prey, but here there are no atoms. They work only in one way, and here they have nothing to work upon. They cannot break in pieces that which is not made of breakable stuff. They cannot separate the inseparable.

In presence of the inward mental self, the agencies of dissolution are impotent. By the molecular, the nonmolecular is unassailable. Its destructive forces can find no point at which to deliver their attack. The probability is, therefore, that no attack will be delivered, and that the inward mental self, the soul, will survive the last adventure, unaffected by the processes of bodily decay.

Continued existence is foreshadowed by pre-existence.

Since the inward mental self is made of different stuff, it is not a product of the body, but must be the

product of something else, in the sense that electricity is not a product of the metal it magnetizes, but is a product of something else. Being a product of something else it existed somewhere else prior to its junction with the metal it magnetizes.

Is not this likely to be the case also with the inward mental self? Whatever the process, whether gradual or instantaneous, by which the soul was brought into being since it is made of other than bodily material the agencies which brought it into being were other than bodily agencies.

Consequently, there must have been, one would think, a moment before soul-germ and body-germ, before the embryonic consciousness and the embryonic material principle entered into association, a moment when they existed independently.

If the soul existed independently before its association with the body began, its ability to exist independently after that association is brought to an end is at least a reasonable supposition, with the difference that this further existence will be no longer that of a mere sack of possibilities, but of an individualized being, equipped with faculties drawn forth and developed by its earthly experiences.

Continued existence is probable because the soul is a producer of energy.

The soul is a producer of energy for the reason that it causes things to happen.

My hat is hanging on the peg. I take it down. With regard to the hat, a change has occurred, and I am the author of the change.

This illustrates what is meant by causing things to happen. We mean that we produce change of some

kind. The change thus produced is called an effect. The changes I am able to produce are countless in number and endless in variety. Yet, they are all brought about in the same way. In every case I exert myself. By this I mean that I employ a certain amount of force, put forth a certain amount of energy. There may be much or little, it may be emitted spontaneously, or employed with care and deliberation, but, always, when I produce change, I put forth a certain amount of force, energy, momentum, mental or physical. In causing things to happen, I exercise originating power.

Few of us, probably, question the truth of this. It is accepted as a self-evident fact, almost universally. Instinctively, we take it for granted, and experience bears us out. By some writers, however, it is disputed.

We deceive ourselves, they tell us. We seem to cause things, but it is pure illusion. In reality, we do nothing of the sort. The energy displayed is not our energy, but that of the universe passing through us as the electric current passes through the wire. Our part is that of the wire.

We are mere machines, automata, without the faintest trace of originating power. We contribute no more to the outcome of life than the aeolian harp contributes to the music which the winds of heaven call forth as they blow over its strings.

This is the doctrine of "determinism," and it has much in its favor. It is symmetrical, can be dealt with on exact and mathematical lines, adapts itself to the scientific scheme of things, and fits into the rigid natural order.

Still, plausible though it be, it will not stand the test, which demands that a theory shall explain all the facts. Determinism fails to explain all the facts.

It fails to give any rational account of the existence of the feeling itself, of how it is that the fundamental instincts of the race impel us to regard ourselves as possessing a real power of initiative, or of causation. The determinist says there is no ground for such a notion. How then, could it have established itself so firmly?

Common sense affirms doggedly and obstinately, that these instincts are sound, and that within certain limits we can actually put forth power or energy, and so cause things to happen.

As proof of this, common sense points to the fact that we are able to overcome obstacles.

In an article entitled "The Forest," (*Outlook*, June 13, 1903), S. E. White describes the difficulty of carrying camp equipage.

"The first time I did any packing, I had a hard time stumbling a few hundred feet with just fifty pounds on my back. By the end of the same trip I could carry a hundred pounds and a lot of miscellaneous traps like canoe poles, and guns, without serious inconvenience, and over a long portage. But at the start packing is as near infernal punishment as mundane conditions can compass. Sixteen brand new muscles ache at first dully, then sharply, then intolerably, until it seems you cannot bear it another second. You are unable to keep your feet. A stagger means an effort at recovery, and an effort at recovery means that you trip when you place your feet, and that means, if you are lucky enough not to be thrown, an extra tweak for every one of the sixteen new muscles. At first you rest every time you feel tired. Then you begin to feel tired every fifty feet. Then you have to do the best you can, and prove the pluck that is in you.

Mr. Tom Friant, an old woodsman of wide experience, has often told me with relish of his first try at carrying. He had about sixty pounds and his companion double that amount. Mr. Friant stood it for a few hundred yards and then sat down. He could not have moved another step if a gun had been at his ear.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion.

"Dell," said Friant, "I'm all in. I can't navigate. Here's where I quit."

"Can't you carry her any further?"

"Not an inch."

"Well pile her on, I'll carry her for you."

Friant looked at him for a moment in silent amazement. "Do you mean to say you are going to carry your pack and mine too?"

"That's what I mean to say. I'll do it if I have to."

Friant drew a long breath.

"Well," said he at last, "If a little sawed off cuss like you can wiggle under a hundred and eighty, I guess I can make it under sixty."

"That's right," said Dell imperturbably, "If you think you can, you can."

"And I did," ends Friant with a chuckle.

Therein lies the whole secret. The work is irksome, sometimes even painful, but if you think you can do it, you can, for though great is the protest of the human frame against what it considers abuse, greater is the power of a man's grit."

Is it imaginable that any influence in heaven or on earth could shake the conviction of a man so situated, that energy was contributed, and that he himself was the contributor?

But the proof of proofs, the decisive testimony that

we do really contribute the energy which causes things to happen, is the evidence afforded by our moral experiences.

Everyone feels that he ought to do right. The sensation is not of compulsion, but of persuasion. As we are under no necessity to do right, so we are under no necessity to do wrong. We can always decline to do it if we try hard enough. We are in every case masters of the situation.

Nothing in the whole range of human life is more certain than that, in moral decisions, he who makes the decision does so in very truth, the action has its root and beginning in him.

In spite of ourselves, we hold him responsible, and give him the credit or the blame. In our innermost souls we cannot help believing that it really was he who lifted the latch, and opened the door, and sent the impulse out upon its errand of mercy or the contrary, that it really was he who, exercising his prerogative of free judgment, decided nobly or basely.

When we are brought into contact with brave deeds we greet them not with the coldly judicial approval we should bestow on a smoothly working piece of clockwork, but with an enthusiastic reverence and admiration, called forth by an instinctive conviction that the merit of the deed belongs to the brave man and not to some ulterior power working through him.

Nothing can really persuade us that the hero of the following incident was a mere machine acting under mechanical compulsion. On the contrary, we simply cannot help regarding him as a being before whose masterful will nature herself was powerless.

The troops holding the farmhouse of Huguemont, on the field of Waterloo, were short of ammunition. Two wagon loads were despatched to supply the

need. Approaching the place, they found the surrounding hedge on fire.

Without considering the danger, the driver of the first wagon lashed his terrified and struggling horses through the burning heap, but the flames catching the powder, it exploded, and in an instant shattered man, horses, and wagon into ten thousand fragments.

The second driver paused, appalled by his comrade's fate. Every instinct of the natural man urged him to the rear. Then the conquering power of the soul asserted itself. Observing that the flames were beaten back a moment by the explosion, and that this gave him one desperate chance, he crushed down his fears, and sending his horses at the smouldering breach, amid the deafening cheers of the garrison, landed his perilous cargo safely within, while the flames rose behind him with redoubled fury.

Can any one believe that a deed like this was done without the expenditure of energy, or that the hero himself was not the source of the energy expended?

If the heroes we revere were the instruments of necessity, if they were like the phenomena of nature, and did what they did by the force of gravitation, or by chemical cohesion, or by the rigid laws of mechanical motion, we should no more offer them our homage, or acknowledge them as meritorious, than we should the winds and waves and falling rain. How absurd to pay homage to a steam engine, or to offer our allegiance to a telephone, yet it would be not one whit more absurd than to do so to a hero who was heroic merely through the force of circumstances, or the pressure of inherited tendencies. In our hearts we are assured that those who rouse our enthusiasm by self-sacrificing courage are not the slaves of circumstance and tendency, but that the force, impulse, initiative power,

energy, which achieved the heroic deeds, came from and originated in these people.

Consider again, what takes place when, instead of rising to our moral obligations, we beat a retreat and fail to meet them. In order to save ourselves trouble, or to escape a disagreeable experience, we shirk our duty, and depart from the straight path of honor. As a consequence, we are haunted by a peculiar sensation. The feeling is something more than vexation, or irritation. It is an inward sense of unworthiness, accompanied by a passionate desire to return to the straight path and to undo what has been done, and make atonement. This peculiar sensation is what is meant by contrition, or remorse.

We are aware that we have done something we need not have done, and ought not to have done, and for which, therefore, we are to blame, and are culpably responsible.

Now such a feeling, like everything in the universe, must have an adequate cause, and this cannot be found in the impulse of necessity. If we had been compelled of necessity to do what we did, if there had been no help for it, if we had had no choice, and had exercised no initiative, that is to say, if the energy which produced the result had its source not in us, but in some power beyond us, working through us as its instrument, then, we should not be the real doers of the deed, we should not be responsible for it. In that case there would have been nothing out of which a feeling of remorse could grow. Contrition would have been not only beside the mark, it never could have come into existence. The fact that we do actually have such a feeling is proof that we accomplished that which alone can produce such a feeling, namely, an act of which we are the actual source and origin, and

for which, in consequence, we are genuinely responsible.

When I have borne false witness against my neighbor, or have taken away my friend's good name, a knowledge of my share in the misery produced flames up within, and sears my heart with an awareness of responsibility for a shameful wrong. Outwardly, I may deny my guilt. I may deceive my fellow men. I find it an impossibility to deceive myself. Notwithstanding the sophistries with which I strive to weave a veil before my inward eye, the glaring truth cannot be hid. I know that I did this thing, with a knowledge that is forced upon me. In my heart I am perfectly well aware that my causal efficacy is a fact.

Would Othello have admitted any connection between his passionate will and the corpse upon the bed, if he could have helped it? He stood self-convicted by the sudden uprising of an overwhelming consciousness of guilt. He knew what had been his intention, that from his intention issued the energy which did the fatal work, was brought home to him, not so much by the sight of the waxen features and the glazed eye, (if these had been all, such is the constitution of the human mind, he might have argued himself out of it, have persuaded himself it was not through him she died,) but by an accusing sense of sin, from which there was no escape. Would he have slit his throat if he had been able to convince himself that Desdemona's corpse was merely a circumstance concomitant with his presence in the room? He knew himself the cause, and in a frenzy of remorse thrust the dagger home.

Although I may have no immediate knowledge of the various links that connect the resolution in my mind with the subsequent movement in my muscles,

in moral situations I have immediate knowledge of my causal responsibility. I am compelled to recognize that from me, and from nowhere else, issued the energy which produced the effect. My responsibility in the case is one of those things that cannot be otherwise.

Thus, the consciousness of causality, the consciousness that we are responsible sources of energy, aroused by the putting forth of effort to overcome obstacles, is reenforced by our moral experiences. It is no longer a probably sound conclusion, it becomes irresistible truth from which we cannot get away.

Doubtless a considerable, perhaps the greater part of our activities, is predetermined. Heredity and environment help or hinder, make it easier or harder to exercise our prerogative aright. All we affirm is that they do not monopolize the field, that there are still many occasions, and these the most vital, when to us alone, belongs the privilege of imparting the initial impulse. In such instances, the impulse, the energy, which achieves the effect, comes from me, from my mind or soul, with the result, that in such instances, my soul is something more than a medium through which energy passes, it is a source of energy, no mere storage battery, but a power-house, a genuine energy producer.

How is this extraordinary fact to be interpreted? It cannot be fully interpreted. The heart and core of the matter is beyond us, as Spencer would say, "unknowable," nevertheless, we may discern certain of its implications.

1. Since we are producers of energy, and since the universe is a product of energy, we produce that which produces the universe. Our productivity is a factor

in the work of creation. We are among the artificers of nature. We contribute to the general output.

Our contribution possesses a peculiar quality. Nothing is more certain than that every individual is different from every other individual. Each human soul is unique. Consequently, its contribution to the general output is unique.

Uniqueness means that of which there is only one. It cannot be replaced. Its loss is irreparable. Each soul's contribution being unique, and its loss, in consequence, irreparable, the weight of probability is against the occurrence of such loss.

In the case of the contribution of the soul, the loss perhaps, is so insignificant that its irreparableness matters nothing. In a masterpiece,—and surely the universe is a masterpiece,—no part can be regarded as insignificant. Every line, tint, bar, phrase, word, is vital. In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," for example, each syllable contributes a unique element, not one can be changed without injuring the whole.

So, it seems reasonable to believe, is each soul essential to the masterpiece of the kosmic artist.

Moreover, may it not be that the soul's contribution is of greater importance than we have imagined?

While the individual is a minute speck, a microscopic atom, each individual seems to be endowed with potentialities which so far as can be seen are limitless, with capacities susceptible of measureless expansion and development.

The tiny spring welling up among the stones on the hill side has in it the promise of a mighty river. The indications are that so it is with the soul of man. Give it time enough, and there is scarcely anything of which it may not become capable.

To lose even a single soul, therefore, is to lose not only a unique power, one that cannot be replaced or reproduced, but a power of infinite possibilities. It seems unlikely that such forfeiture of possibilities will be permitted.

2. Since we are producers of energy, the amount of energy in the universe will depend, in some degree at least, on our productivity. Were we to be destroyed, the energy of the universe would be, by the amount of our productivity, reduced. But, we are told that according to the law of conservation, the total of energy in the universe is constant, always the same. This being so, the destruction of even a single soul would break the law, and upset the balance. Consequently, it is probable that not even a single soul will be destroyed.

Continued existence is indicated by the analogy of nature.

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," expresses a principle of universal application in the realm of nature. There, death is invariably the basis of life, the antecedent of some new form of vitality.

A winter silence falls on stream and wood. Murmur of water, rustle of leaves, insect's hum, footfall of prowling beast, splash of leaping fish, are hushed. Nature is benumbed. In the grip of an iron frost the world lies dead.

Yet even as it dies, a change begins. Round about the tree roots, and beneath the surface, everywhere, an invisible activity is set going, energy is stored up, the first steps are taken in the process of converting lifeless into living matter.

Presently the snow melts, the icy seal is broken, the

brown of hill and dale gives place to green, the trees burst into bud, the air vibrates with song, hibernating creatures awake, the drone of bees is heard. From the death of winter issues the life of spring.

As with the succession of the seasons so with the evolution of living forms. Every stage of the evolutionary process is rooted in death. The genesis of every species had its rise in the destruction of some preceding species. In turn this new breed dwindles, and grows less, and dies, only to usher in more highly organized varieties.

Passing from the history of general movements to that of individuals, we find the same predominating principle of life out of death.

The seed disintegrates before the young shoot appears, first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. The egg is destroyed that the chick may be hatched. Soon the chick vanishes, and out of its decease, issues the mature bird.

The most striking instance is the progressive transformation known to naturalists as metamorphosis, occurring in the insect world. By a series of deaths is brought about a series of changes into new forms of life.

The milkweed butterfly lays its eggs on milkweed leaves. After an existence of three or four days the eggs are destroyed and out of their destruction is hatched a wormlike object, greenish yellow, ringed with black, furnished with eight pairs of legs, and powerful jaws. It eats voraciously and grows rapidly. Its outer covering then dies, hardens, cracks, and from the ruin issues a larger worm. After a brief interval there is another death and another shedding of the outworn shell. Again the process is repeated. Yet once more the outer covering hardens, but now there is no

breaking forth of a new and larger caterpillar. This time death overtakes both the covering and the covered. The active wormlike crawling thing is still. His skin has become his coffin. In place of the living caterpillar there is nothing but an apparently lifeless chrysalis. The caterpillar is actually dead. He is never seen again. His death however proves to be the basis of life, for as we know, from the quiescent chrysalis comes forth in due time a radiant creature winged and beautiful.

Although this winged creature itself dies, in dying it leaves behind, in the shape of a deposit of eggs, the promise and potency of new life.

In a modified form this same law of progressive transformations, every transformation arising out of the destruction of a previous transformation, governs the life history of human beings.

"We trace each human life," says C. T. Stockwell,* "back to what physiologists know as the graafian cell. This has a membranous external body and a nuclear inner body. The inner or nuclear body develops and finally leaves its old environment, the membranous part of the graafian cell, and is born into a new and independent existence.

"It is now called an ovum, and the follicular envelope which constituted its former external body dies and becomes entirely disorganized, the life principle being transferred to the ovum. This in turn is found to possess an external and an internal or nuclear body. Being vitalised by the paternal life, the ovum now passes through a course of development analogous to that of the graafian cell. Its internal or nuclear centre develops into an embryo, while its external

* "Evolution of Immortality" p. 125 (adapted.)

environment develops into the placental membranes.

"Finally, the embryo leaves this placental environment or body, and is born into a new and independent existence, into the life of the world, while the placental body dies and becomes entirely disorganized."

The series of deaths and resurrections is not yet ended. Metamorphosis goes on. From the instant of birth an impulse carries forward the mind of the child and the body of the child, until a moment arrives when the child's mind and body exist no longer. In their stead are the mind and body of youth. Still the impulse gathers way, and bye and bye youth comes to an end and its place is taken by the mind and body of maturity. After a certain period maturity comes to an end. A moment arrives when the partnership of body and soul is dissolved. Their association ceases. How far in this case does the death of the old form the basis of a new association?

Is it not a rational conjecture that as during the placental state, the embryo formed for itself a new kind of body, suitable to the new state into which it passed at the change called birth, so during our present existence, the inner life principle, the mind, the soul, is forming for itself a new body suitable to a new existence into which it will pass at the change called death?

"May it not be," says Stockwell, "that in nature's transformation act falsely called death, she is simply relieving the natural body of its functional activity of embodying an individual personality, and transferring that individual personality to an etheric body already present and at least potentially prepared to receive it?"

"Death," says Butler, "may in some sort and in

some respects answer to our birth, which is not a suspension of the faculties which we had before it, or a total change of the state of life in which we existed when in the womb, but a continuation of both, with such and such great alterations. "Nay, for aught we know of our present life and death, death may immediately in the natural course of things put us into a higher and more enlarged state of life, as our birth does, a state in which our capacities and sphere of perception, and of action, may be much greater than at present."

"Perhaps," wrote Victor Hugo, "I am the tadpole of an archangel." Analogy suggests that in a general sense this surmise may not be far wrong.

Throughout nature, so far as we can see, the law appears to be that death is the starting point of a further evolution of life, *so long as there is anything further to be evolved.*

The principle of progressive growth remains operative so long as there is anything to grow.

If the soul has capacities for development still unused, then analogy denotes the likelihood that the end of the old conditions of progress will be the beginning of further progress, under new conditions, the basis of a new life in which the soul will be as independent of the dead body, as we are independent of our former placental bodies. That the soul possesses such unused capacities is beyond dispute.

"What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable, in action, how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god."

The more closely we examine the human mind the more clearly apparent does it become, that within it,

lies hid a vast fund of undeveloped qualities. Each stage of mental progress serves but to reveal the aptitude for still further progress. The more a man learns, the more he finds there is to learn, and the more capable he becomes of learning it.

“So many worlds so much to do,
So little done such things to be.”

At the end of his work, Newton tells us, he felt as though he were still in the childhood of his intellectual career, as though what he had done were as nothing to what he might do were time and opportunity forthcoming.

In demonstrating to his fellow men the marvelous nature of the universe, he demonstrated also the marvelous nature of the instrument by which the demonstration was made. He showed that the mind of man is an organism endowed with faculties of unlimited sweep and range.

“The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like the ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high
O'er the drowned hills the human family
And stock reserved of every living kind.
So in the compass of the single mind
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds.

[Hartley Coleridge]

In addition, we are now confronted with a series of facts which seem to attest still further potentialities in the human constitution.

Modern psychology demonstrates the existence of a hitherto unsuspected department, a sort of annex to, or extension of, our ordinary being.

A subliminal being, or self, or consciousness, as it is called.

Through the science of optics we have learned that, "beyond each end of the prismatic ribbon of the solar spectrum are ether waves, of which our retina takes no cognisance. Beyond the red end are waves we recognise not as light, but as heat. Beyond the violet end are waves still more mysterious, whose very existence men for ages never suspected, and whose intimate potencies are still but obscurely known."

Even so it is with the mind of man. Enough has been achieved by experimental psychology to prove that beyond both ends of our conscious spectrum lie faculties transcending in range and force those in normal use. The self we know is but the fragment of a larger self which, so far as investigated, seems endowed with a more delicate sensitiveness, responding to stimuli unfelt by our ordinary work-a-day consciousness.

Yet these apparently immense intellectual and imaginative capacities, incalculably beyond those of average intelligence, remain almost in abeyance.

Why then are they here? To what purpose have we been equipped with a whole arsenal of weapons which owing to the environment and conditions of this life, we can but occasionally, and partially, turn to account?

When death brings its association with the body to an end, the soul is still in possession of a great fund of unused faculty. If the analogy of nature hold true, this suggests that the death of the body is the starting point of a new stage of existence for the soul, an existence in which its still unexhausted powers will find their field of exercise.

Nature supplies the fledgling with rudimentary wings, the suckling with rudimentary teeth. In the life of nest and nursery there is no use for these organs. They are not demanded by the conditions which surround the young bird, and the babe.

Time shows, however, that nature has not worked in vain. Presently a change occurs. Bird and babe enter a new life, come under new conditions. Wings and teeth superfluous under the previous order now find their proper sphere, and play their part, and put forth the powers that in them lie.

Such examples point at least to the probability, that when nature furnishes a faculty she furnishes also somewhere, somewhen, somehow, a place and an opportunity for its exercise.

Judging from its structure and capacities, the soul is made for further life, from which the legitimate inference is that it will be given further life.

We shall be told, perhaps, that the inference is not warranted because on all hands we see the evidences of nature's extravagant waste.

Out of every fifty seeds one only attains fruition. Of every million eggs, laid by bird, fish, insect, or reptile, but a few hundred are hatched.

With regard to the destruction of ova, etc., there is much to indicate that these contain nothing that is not of so rudimentary, and therefore indeterminate, an order, as to be capable of development in one direction as well as in another. The experts seem pretty well agreed that in the lower forms of life differentiation has been carried but a very little way.

"The embryos of vertebrates, whether fish, tortoise, dog, ape, or man, cannot be distinguished from one another, so close are the likenesses in outward form and structure."

If this be the case, it is difficult to see how the destruction of such embryos would imply waste, or deprive faculties of their fruition.

In these instances destruction can mean no more than disintegration and readjustment, and aptitudes so undeveloped would find their required field and opportunity under the new conditions as easily as under the old.

The embryonic qualities in a grain of wheat, for example, may be in a condition so undetermined as to be capable of development along more than one line. Which line it shall be depends on the character of the external influences brought to bear.

In one grain the development might be toward reproduction, while in forty-nine others, owing to a different set of external influences, it might be toward, let us say, alimentation, resulting in the forty-nine becoming flour and so entering into the substance of animal tissue instead of into the substance of a growing crop. In either case, or in any conceivable alternative, we should hardly have the right to say that the possibilities foreshadowed in the embryonic qualities of the grain failed of their fulfilment.

The same applies to the animal kingdom. If the embryos of vertebrates be indistinguishable from one another, then given a million such embryos, and given a shiver of energy from without traversing their structure and starting them on the road of evolution, it is not essential that they should take any one particular path in order to complete their course and fulfil their destiny.

This will be effected equally well, whether they turn out flesh, fish, or fowl, or something which is none of these.

If some grow into dogs, and others into apes, it

cannot be said of the apes the promise of their dog qualities was not fulfilled, nor of the dogs, the promise of their ape qualities was not fulfilled, because what was contained in those embryos was the promise neither of dog nor ape, but simply, so far as we can tell, the possibility in about equal degree of becoming dog or ape, or of passing by disintegration and re-absorption, into something neither dog or ape.

Where a number of alternative possibilities are open, it cannot be called failure that in some instances this, in others that result emerges. Man, on the other hand, has advanced so far along the road of differentiation, that for him, alternative possibilities are eliminated. In his case escape from failure can be secured only on the condition that the advance already begun, he shall be enabled to continue.

When we reflect that human beings have been produced at the rate of millions a year for tens of thousands of years, and that if the soul dies with the body not one of all these millions ever has reached, or ever can reach, any thing like its full fruition, it seems improbable that the soul will be permitted to die with the body. It would mean the failure of the work of creation, not the failure of a certain proportion, but the absolute failure of the whole human department, a result irrational and unthinkable.

Continued existence is indicated by the requirements of justice and mercy.

Look at life, examine its salient features, consider its inequalities. There seems to be no rhyme or reason in them. We can discern no guiding principle. Although it is true that taken in the mass, good predominates in the world of sentient life, there are tens of

thousands of individual instances in which it is very far indeed from predominating.

People with the sensibilities of buffalos are born into the midst of elegance and luxury, while a Nathaniel Hawthorne has to hustle for a dinner, and a Jesus of Nazareth has not where to lay his head.

Varieties of talent and temperament, even of material possessions, are to be desired. Were all exactly alike society would be less interesting. We do not mind living in a cottage while our neighbor inhabits a palace, if happiness be as plentiful in the one as in the other. It can scarcely be maintained that this is always the case.

Here is the millionaire's son and here is the son of the mill operative. So favorable are the surroundings of the former that he reaps a bountiful harvest of delight while the latter reaps hardly anything at all. From the cradle to the grave life for him is a monotonous round of hard tasks, toil, effort, expenditure, with the most meagre of returns.

Thousands of children are born annually who are blind, deaf, and dumb, defective in mind, diseased in bone and limb. Heaven has given them existence, but the existence heaven has given them is ghastly with wretchedness and pain.

We have it on the authority of the Salvation Army that a tenth of the population of Great Britain, or about four millions, is "submerged," that is, sunk in degrading penury, and Mr. Robert Hunter tells us that in the United States there are something like ten million people in a similar condition.

Without going outside the English speaking nations, therefore, we have fourteen million souls existing in a condition of chronic misery. From their more prosperous neighbors they learn what happy homes and

good food and pleasant surroundings are like, but though they long for, and endeavor desperately to obtain, these things, the rigid barrier of circumstance makes their efforts vain. Do what they may they are condemned to pass through life surrounded by comfort, yet themselves denied comfort, perpetually hungry while the markets and the stores are crammed with food. Under these conditions, each year millions die who, with a yearning for happiness implanted in their hearts, have never had that yearning satisfied.

We have seen that goodness rules, that the universe is governed by a happiness producing power. It is unthinkable that the miseries of mankind can be regarded by such a power otherwise than with sympathy and compassion.

This thought is expressed by William Blake in verses the strange beauty of which must serve as the excuse for quoting them at length.

Can I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief
And not seek to find relief?

Can I see a falling tear
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no, never can it be
Never, never, can it be.

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day
Wiping all our tears away?
No, no, never can it be,
Never, never, ean it be.

He doth give his joy to all,
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow, too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
And thy Maker is not by,
Think not thou canst weep a tear
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh he gives to us his joy
That our grief he may destroy,
Till our grief be fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

That the supreme power should destroy our grief by destroying us is incompatible with justice and mercy.

Worse than bodily suffering or material loss, is the poignant agony inflicted by the waywardness, the wickedness, the unworthiness, of those we love. The woman stricken by the villainy of the man she worshipped. The man faced by the proof that the woman who has been to him the impersonation of purity and goodness, is in her heart a wanton. The father and mother crushed by the horror of a daughter's shame, or sorrowing comfortless for the lost prodigal.

Through such causes tens of thousands of blameless

people are rendered desolate every year. There is but one remedy. Wounds thus inflicted, can be healed only by those who made them, only by the repentance, atonement, forgiveness, and rehabilitation of those by whom they were caused. If the grave be the end, then, this never can be accomplished, and injustice is done to a multitude of innocent souls. Moreover, there are the sinners themselves to be thought of. If death be the end, they are forever deprived of the opportunity to repent. It will not do to say they had their opportunity here, this is all justice requires. It is not all justice requires. In countless instances death overtakes the transgressor in the full tide of his wrong doing. He is snatched away before he realizes the enormity of his guilt, or realizing it, he dies too soon to permit him to make amends.

Suppose two men are competing for a position. The opportunity comes to one of them to poison the minds of those who are to decide the issue, by causing damaging reports to be spread with regard to his competitor's character. He is perfectly aware that there is no truth in these reports, and he hesitates to perpetrate so treacherous and base an act. But then, his whole future depends on his obtaining this position. Success seems vital to him. All is fair in war, even a blow below the belt, he tells himself. This is his chance, and he must take it. Accordingly he turns a deaf ear to the voice of conscience and proceeds to scatter his false, but plausible, insinuations. The result is he wins the coveted place and enjoys a career of uninterrupted prosperity, while the other man is left out in the cold. Years afterward he comes to see his conduct in a new light. Bitter remorse and shame fill his heart, he is anxious now to restore every-

thing, to atone for everything, to suffer everything, if need be, so only justice be done and the wrong righted, but death's hand is laid upon his shoulder and it is too late.

The founder of Christianity laid it down as a fundamental principle of righteousness that when a sinner sincerely repents he shall be forgiven. In the example cited, and it is the type of an innumerable host, repentance was genuine and sincere, yet if death be the end, forgiveness and the opportunity to make atonement are forever withheld.

Criminals who enjoy crime for its own sake are in all probability but a small class. The vast majority of sinners fall into evil ways through irresolution, and their irresolution is due to lack of sensitiveness about right and wrong. They do not feel strongly enough about the matter. There is something they desire, they perceive it may be obtained by cheating and lying, and their sense of the imperativeness of right is not strong enough to prevent them from resorting to cheating and lying.

The thief, the swindler, the drunkard, the forger, the seducer, the murderer, are what they are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not because they are wholly bad, but because they are not quite good enough. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, slightly more favorable surroundings, right influences a little further prolonged, a little more skilfully applied, would transform the knave and the rogue into a hero and a saint. But in countless cases death cuts the thread of life before any such ameliorating influences can be brought to bear.

If it be possible to reform the knave and the rogue, do not justice and mercy require that they shall be reformed?

For this, the one necessary condition is a continuance of their existence beyond the grave.

Nor apart from a life to come can justice be done to those who have suffered for righteousness' sake. The glorious company of the Apostles, who in every age have carried knowledge to the ignorant, light to those who sit in darkness, and freedom to the slave. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets, who have faced angry monarchs and angry mobs. The noble army of Martyrs, who have endured great tribulation that others might have happiness and life. Brave souls, who, faithfully, patiently, and at cost to themselves, have obeyed the behests impressed upon them by the feeling about right. If righteousness be at the heart of things, then surely an obligation will be felt at least to acknowledge the loyalty with which its requirements have been fulfilled.

In the eyes of a good man, it would be little short of a crime to accept the labor and sacrifices of others without rendering thanks. A good man would feel bound to do his utmost to show his appreciation. He would feel not merely bound to do it, he would be eager, he would rejoice exceedingly, to do it.

Can we believe that the source of all moral feeling is less eager to discharge obligations than a good man?

Nevertheless such discharge fails of accomplishment here on earth. Constantly do the souls of the faithful go down to death with no lightening of their burden, with no whisper of acknowledgment or well done.

If the Controller of all things be a power that makes for righteousness, it is beyond belief that broken hearts should go uncomforted, the penitent unforgiven, sinners unreformed, or devoted service remain forever without acknowledgment.

It is inconceivable that the one condition necessary

for bringing these things to pass, namely a future life, should be withheld. Justice and mercy require that it should not be withheld.

Yet another reason why justice and mercy demand that life should be continued beyond the grave, is the almost universal desire for it. "It is better to live in a slum in hopes of heaven, than to walk through luxury to a ditch in the churchyard." The thought that death is the end may satisfy those who have loved only knowledge, it can never satisfy those who have loved human souls. You may come with your philosophy, and arrange your reason of despair, never so plausibly, but,

"That little shoe in the corner
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness, confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down."

Emerson in his "Thyrsis," Browning in his "Prospect," Tennyson in his "In Memoriam," Milton in his "Lycidas," utter in exquisite syllables the yearning and the hope that burn in the souls of those from whom death has snatched their hearts' treasures. An awakened desire for immortality results from loving, because loving opens our eyes to the worth of life. Through loving, life becomes priceless. We can never have enough of it. The cultivation of friendship, sympathy, affection, stirs in us a deepened wish for the continuance of life, that the exercise of our affections may be continued. Through love and friendship the immortality once languidly desired comes to be passionately desired. The longing for immortality is thus due to the development, not of the foolish, selfish, immoral, but the sympathetic,

and affectional, qualities of our nature. This has come about from the action upon us of the natural order. In the last resort it is due entirely to the influence over us of the universe.

So to influence us, that the awakening of the most unselfish and elevating of emotions, and the establishment of the most beneficial of human relations, produce an intense desire for a continued life after death, without any intention of satisfying that desire, would seem to be a peculiarly hard-hearted piece of deliberate cruelty. Since the desire has been aroused in us, justice and mercy require that it be satisfied. With goodness in the seat of power, have we not solid ground for hope that it will be satisfied?

To restate in a few words the substance of the foregoing pages, we see the expectation of a life to come rests on five main considerations.

1. Survival of the soul is probable, for the reason that not being made of destructible material, it is difficult to understand how it can be destroyed.

2. For the reason that it is a spring and source of energy, and its destruction would involve both the loss of a unique contribution to the sum of things, and a breach of the law of the conservation of energy.

3. Because of the probable preexistence of the soul.

4. Because fathomless deeps of faculty exist in the soul, here unused and unusable, and the analogy of nature indicates that in such cases death is the basis of renewed life.

5. Because justice and mercy demand survival, and since goodness rules, the demands of justice and mercy will be met.

A presumption, therefore, exists in favor of immortality. In the known facts, not only is there nothing that makes the independent life of the soul

impossible, there is much that makes it probable. Reason and observation are on the side of faith in the future.

Yet for some this is not sufficient. It fails to assuage the inmost yearning of the heart. We desire to be convinced in a more intimate and personal way. We long for a sense of full assurance.

Sources of Certitude.

This longed for assurance is within our reach. The obscuring clouds may be dispersed, and a sense of certitude obtained, by any one who is willing to pay the price. Certitude implies a feeling of reality, a feeling of reality comes only with experience, and experience is a state of consciousness resulting from contact with our surroundings through our five senses. We may discourse to a blind man about the splendor of the starry heavens and he may accept as true all we say. Nevertheless, his state of mind with regard to what has been described will be comparatively vague and cold. Before he can feel as we feel, he must be enabled to behold and see. That is to say, he must be enabled to come into sensuous contact with, to experience, the nocturnal glory of the sky. Then, and then only, will he feel that he knows. Not till then will his state of mind be one of conviction and assurance. Consequently, the only way of winning certitude of the life to come would appear to be by contact with it through our five senses. The idea seems preposterous. How can we see, touch, hear, the invisible, intangible, inaudible? Yet apart from sight, touch, hearing, how is direct contact to be achieved?

Certitude through Spiritism.

Modern "spiritualism" claims to have solved the difficulty. The notion that the invisible world is beyond the reach of sense is false, it declares. We may actually see the inhabitants of another world, hear the rustle of their spirit garments, feel the touch of their spirit hands, and through the agency of a "medium" or "sensitive" receive messages from the departed as easily as through the telephone, we receive a message from the friend in the next street.

Notwithstanding these great claims, many thoughtful people are repelled by the vulgarity and stupidity which marks so much of what goes on at "seances." Moreover, the subject reeks of chicanery. The surrounding circumstances create in the mind of an impartial visitor a presumption of fraud. The darkened room, the mysterious cabinet, the wierd music, suggest the conjurer's art. Again and again these suspicions have proved to be well founded. Busy hands have been detected where no hands should be. The ghostly visitors from another sphere have been revealed when the lights were turned on, as beings of solid flesh and bone. "Properties" peculiar to the green room, have been discovered within the secret precincts where the medium was supposed to sit unconscious and entranced. We have but to recall the record of those accomplished tricksters, the Davenport brothers, Slade and Foster, or to read the narrative of investigations by Münsterberg, and Jastrow, to feel convinced that modern spiritism is tainted with deception.

Nevertheless it is not all deception. No movement which has influenced so many human minds can be wholly fraudulent. There is a basis and residuum of

fact. Strange forces are undoubtedly brought into play. Powers more than normal are exercised. This residuum of fact, these abnormal powers, can be explained, however, so competent observers declare, on psychological and physiological grounds, without calling in the aid of spirits from the vasty deep, or from anywhere else.

We are assured that all phenomena of spiritism not due to trickery may be accounted for, if they are physical manifestations, as the work of muscular automatism, the extraordinary condition in which the limbs perform sometimes quite complex acts, (writing, drawing, etc.), independently of the will or even of the consciousness.

If the phenomena be mental, (visions, clairvoyance, trance utterances, etc.), exhibiting an apparent knowledge beyond the normal, they must be regarded as the subconscious reproductions of latent memories, brought about by a more or less profound hypnosis, or as due to thought transference. Such, at least, is the conclusion arrived at by Podmore, one of the most careful of observers.

In fairness to mediums it should be said that even where deception exists, there is reason to think it is not always conscious. It seems probable that fraudulent acts may be due sometimes to automatism, apart from the consciousness of the medium. This makes the practise of mediumship none the less misleading to those who seek for light through its agency.

Taking into consideration how great is the temptation to fraud, and how manifold are the opportunities for error, spiritism can scarcely be regarded as a safe or satisfactory way of establishing certainty with regard to a life beyond the grave.

Certitude through psychical research.

Are the conclusions of Podmore and others correct? Is the admitted residuum of abnormal fact in spiritism completely accounted for by psychological and physiological causes?

The question can be answered only by further investigation. To carry out this investigation on unimpeachable and scientific lines, is the aim of psychical research, which has been described as "the patient attempt to unravel from confused phenomena, some trace of the supernal world."

Founded about 1850, the "Society For Psychical Research," has carried on its labors with the one purpose of working by scientific methods for scientific ends. Slowly yet steadily the enterprise has proceeded. Gradually, and in spite of innumerable difficulties, a mass of valuable material has been accumulated. Though results seem small, they are solid, and promise much for the future. "Beyond us still is mystery, but it is mystery lit and mellowed with an infinite hope."

Sir Oliver Lodge thus summarises the present situation. "The boundary between the two states, the known and the unknown is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places, and like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side."

While the work of the Society for Psychical Research is of the highest importance, and should receive our financial aid, and our cordial and respectful sympathy, for many of us it will prove to be "no

thoroughfare," so far as the attainment of certitude with regard to the future life is concerned.

The drawback is, that it must ever be "caviare to the general." It is a recondite theme, illusive, difficult, requiring for its successful prosecution, not only the utmost caution, the most wide awake vigilance, but careful preparation and technical training.

The results achieved in this direction, must be for most of us, a matter of report. Intensely interesting, perhaps sufficiently convincing, but still for most of us, destined to remain secondary knowledge, lacking the reality which only experience can give.

Certitude through the mystical mood.

Admitting that under ordinary circumstances the senses are the sole media through which we can achieve contact, and so gain experience, and that under ordinary circumstances they respond only to physical stimuli, is it not imaginable that there may be extraordinary circumstances, in which the nerves are attuned to a finer sensitiveness, so delicate as to thrill in temporary response to other than physical stimuli?

In such abnormal states, is it not possible that without the aid of medium or seer, abnormal experiences may be obtained corresponding with truth, in spite of their abnormality?

In all ages, individuals have claimed to have had periods of exceptional sensitiveness, peculiarly exalted and ecstatic moods, "mystical states of mind," in which abnormal sensibilities are aroused and the conviction becomes irresistible that we are in actual touch with a life larger than our own. A few modern instances may be quoted.

In his "journal," Emerson writes:

"A certain wandering light comes to me which I instantly perceive to be the cause of causes.

"It transcends all proving. It is itself the ground of being, and I see that it is not one and I another, but this is the life of my life.

"That is one fact, then, that in certain moods I have known that I existed directly from God, and am as it were his organ, and in my ultimate consciousness am He."

[*"Journal."* 1837 pp. 248-9.]

In the letters of James Russell Lowell, vol. 1. p. 75, occurs the following:

"I had a revelation last Friday evening. I was at Mary's, and happening to say something of the presence of spirits, (of whom I said I was often dimly aware), Mr. Putnam entered into an argument with me on spiritual matters. As I was speaking the whole system rose up before me like a vague destiny looming from the abyss.

"I never before so clearly felt the spirit of God in me and around me. The whole room seemed to be full of God. The air seemed to waver to and fro with the presence of something, I knew not what. I spoke with the clearness and calmness of a prophet.

"I cannot tell you what this revelation was. I have not studied it enough. But I shall perfect it one day, and then you shall hear it, and acknowledge its grandeur."

John Sterling writes in a similar vein:

"I rode through some of the pleasant lanes in the neighborhood, and was delighted to see the primroses under every hedge. The whole aspect of the world is full of quiet harmony, that influences even one's

bodily frame, and seems to make one's limbs aware of something living, good, and immortal, in all around us."

[*Carlyle's "Stirling."* p. 215.]

In a letter dated from Farringford, May 7, 1874, quoted in the London "*Spectator*" Feb. 2, 1889, Tennyson wrote:

"A kind of waking trance, (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself, seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words."

A like state of mind is recorded by A. C. Benson:

"I walked today in sheltered wooded valleys, and at one point in a very sheltered and secluded lane, leaned long upon a gate that led into a little forest clearing, to watch the busy and intent life of the wood. There were the trees extending their fresh leaves to the rain, the birds slipped from tree to tree, a mouse frisked about the grassy road, a hundred flowers raised their bright heads.

"And then I felt for awhile like a tiny spray of seaweed floating on an infinite sea, with the brightness of the morning overhead. I felt that I was indeed

set where I found myself to be and that if now my little heart and brain are too small to hold the truth, yet I thanked God for making even the conception of the mystery, the width, the depth, possible to me, and I prayed to him to give to me as much of the truth as I could bear.

"And I do not doubt that he gave me that, for I felt for an instant that whatever befall me, I was indeed a part of himself, not a thing outside and separate, not even his son and his child, but himself."

[*"The Thread of Gold."* pp. 223-4.]

"And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep."

wrote Vaughan, and Wordsworth describes a corresponding mental condition in the famous lines beginning,

"I have felt
A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things."

For further instances see "Varieties of Religious Experience" pp. 66-72, 395, 396, 398, 221, William James.

It appears, then, that human beings do on occasion, believe themselves to pass into states of conscious-

ness during which they perceive in an experiential way, the reality of an unseen and superhuman world.

The possibilities of supra normal perception seem now to be enlarged by the disclosure that we possess sensibilities other than those of ordinary sight, sound, touch, taste, smell, and that consequently we may not be so completely dependent on our five senses as has been supposed.

"I cannot but think," says James ["Varieties" p. 233], "that the most important step forward that has occurred in psychology since I have been a student of the science, is the discovery first made in 1886, that in certain subjects at least, there is not only the consciousness of the ordinary field, with its usual centre and margin, but an addition thereto, in the shape of a set of memories, thoughts and feelings, which are extramarginal and outside of the ordinary consciousness altogether, yet must be classed as conscious facts of some sort, able to reveal their presence by unmistakable signs. The human material on which the demonstration has been made has so far been rather limited and in part, at least, eccentric, consisting of unusually suggestible hypnotic subjects, and of hysterical patients. Yet the elementary mechanisms of life are presumably so uniform, that what is shown to be true in a marked degree of some persons, is probably true in some degree of all, and may in a few be true in an extraordinarily high degree. There is reason to believe that under special conditions, uprushes of energies originating in this extra marginal or subliminal mental region take place."

If our normal senses be capable on occasion, of more than normal sensitiveness, and if also, there be in us extra marginal faculties which, when brought

into play greatly enlarge our perceptive capacities, and if nothing more be needed to raise normal senses above their normal sensitiveness, and to bring the extra marginal faculties into play, than a suitable mental state, it is conceivable that given such a mental state, we may, either through the action of our more than normally sensitive ordinary senses, or through the transmarginal faculties, or through the cooperation of both, at once become aware of realities normally hidden from our view. Can a mental state of this kind be induced?

In India training in mystical insight has been known from time immemorial under the name of "Yoga." "Yoga signifies the experiential union of the human with the divine. It is based on persevering exercise, and the diet, posture, breathing, intellectual concentration, and moral discipline, vary slightly in the different systems. The disciple who has by these means overcome the obscurations of his lower nature sufficiently, enters into a condition of supersensitivity, and is face to face with facts which neither reason nor instinct can ever perceive. Then we know ourselves for what we really are, free and immortal." Christendom and Islam as well as India have produced schools of mystics who have claimed that through certain courses of discipline a state of trance or ecstasy may be induced, during which the world beyond is revealed to the inward sense.

Coming nearer home, hypnosis suggests itself as possibly a means to the desired end.

"There can be little doubt," says F. W. H. Myers, "that under hypnotic conditions a state of sensory delicacy may be induced, which overpasses the ordinary level. Not only are the senses capable

through hypnosis of being raised to an abnormal degree of sensitiveness, but it would seem that sense capacities of an altogether new kind are sometimes developed, decidedly different from those with which we are familiar."

If our capabilities can be, under hypnotic conditions, so increased in power as to enable them to perceive hidden marks and objects, to warn us of impending dangers, etc., [see Myers "Human Personality" p. 270,] why should not this increase of power enable them to discern also, the reality of an unseen world, lying beyond the sphere of our normal faculties, assuming that such a world exists?

See works on Hypnotism, also the literature of Theosophy, and the "Proceedings," of the Society for Psychical Research.

Certain modern writers affirm that the difficult, doubtful, and perhaps dangerous methods of hypnotism, are not in the least necessary, the mystical mood of supranormal sensitiveness may be induced by comparatively simple means. See, "Ideal Suggestion," by Henry Wood. "The Power of Silence," by H. W. Dresser. "In Tune with the Infinite," by Trine.

There are those for whom the gateways of the beyond are opened by music.

Music stimulates the emotional side of human nature and sets its sensibilities and sympathies aglow. "Music," writes Hegel, "Builds no permanent fabric in space. It has no form. It is a voice out of the unseen. Itself invisible, with neither shape nor tangibility, music makes us susceptible to the invisible. It stirs within us, as nothing else can, a consciousness of the reality of the world unseen."

As Abt Vogler declares in Browning's poem,

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and
woe,
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,
The rest may reason and welcome, 'tis we musicians
know."

It has been held by some, by the Quakers among others, that to bring us into experiential relations with the unseen, little more is needed than quietness.

The landscape is there, actinic forces from hill and tree and stream are playing upon the lens and sensitive plate, but there will be no picture unless the camera is held motionless. Forces from the unseen play upon the sensitive plate of the mind, but unless there is quietness, there will be no picture.

"Be still, and know that I am God," says the old writer. Neither in the tempest, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, was the prophet able to discern the presence of the Lord. The still small voice was heard afterwards in the quietness.

Wordsworth insists that it is only when our bodily powers are at rest that we are fully alive. He speaks of the blessed mood when,

"Even the motions of the human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul."

It is, he tells us, not by a restlessly inquisitive eye, but by an eye made quiet "by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy," that we see into the life of things. So too, he defends himself for sitting hour after hour on an old gray stone in apparent vacancy.

“Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours,
By a wise passiveness.”

Wordsworth's vision is, in his own belief, never thoroughly lucid until he is rapt by it far away from the ordinary alertness which is commonly called quickness of sense, and transported into a region in which he is alone with his thoughts, and all but unaware of the momentary changes going on around him.

Even the mere man of the world is conscious that when he is “laid asleep in body” he often becomes a much more “living soul” for those things which he is most desirous to discern truly. As his senses sink to rest, he recalls errors of which he was unconscious when he committed them, or expressions on the countenances of his friends or rivals, which till then, he completely ignored. And if this be so in relation to things essentially of this world, it is certainly much more so as to those deeper springs of motive and character which it takes a still deeper peace of spirit to perceive. We need a “wise passiveness” to interpret truly what we see.”

[“*Spectator*,” Aug. 6, 1887.]

While most of us, perhaps, are too incurably restless to attain by any such means the mystical mood of insight, there is evidence enough to show that certain natures find no insuperable difficulties in their way. They are able with comparative ease to bring their minds to that tranquil condition, of which the poet speaks, a mental state in which celestial influences imprint themselves upon the soul, revealing

with the convincing force of experience, the reality of the unseen.

The churches have always taught that the mystical mood may be induced, and access to the unseen obtained, through the instrumentality of *prayer*. Certitude is communicated to those who, under proper conditions, pray for it.

Many have an ingrained prejudice against the notion of prayer. To seek information, or to seek anything, through this means seems like a return to the superstitions of the dark ages. We have been, perhaps, educated in an atmosphere alien to devotion, at least in the emotional sense. The Almighty, we have been accustomed to think, attends to his business and expects us to attend to ours. To a deputation which came requesting that he would appoint a day of fasting and prayer on account of the cholera, Palmerston replied, "Pray with a broom in your hand. Go home and clean up."

By fulfilling our part in life, by doing our duty, overcoming difficulties, conquering, achieving, we can best approach the Lord. There is in fact no other way of approaching him. To labor is to pray. Such, probably, is the confident conviction of a majority of educated people.

Nevertheless, in all ages there have been men and women who have thought otherwise, who have felt that work is not the only way of communicating with the higher powers, who have held that we can pray with the mind as well as with the body, and that the former is often the more direct, and more immediately effective method.

Said a scorner of religion to the fugitive slave, "Your feet, I guess, helped you more than your

knees." "But for the knees first," replied the black, "I should have had no courage for the feet."

The doctrine of response to prayer.

"Prayer," says F. W. H. Myers, "is a process of telepathic communication between our minds and minds above our own, which are supposed not only to understand our wish or aspiration, but to impress or influence us in return."

Grounding their conviction on personal experience, saints have believed that sincere prayer is in all cases effectual, that no call from earth to heaven, whether wise or foolish, goes without an answer, so long as the call is uttered in sincerity and truth. Everyone that asketh receiveth. It is a law, say the saints, that prayer is answered. Not a caprice, but a divine method, sure and certain as any law of nature. We can no more pray without result than we can open our shutters without letting in light, or raise the window without letting in air.

The supplications of mankind ascend to no untenant abyss, but to the living source of affection and of sympathy. It is unthinkable, therefore, that they should be ignored.

"Between the stirrup and the ground,
He mercy asked and mercy found."

Even the briefest of our appeals brings a beneficent rejoinder.

Yet how many instances we recall when there seemed to be no rejoinder. When the passionate human cry went up to heaven, and the heavens were as brass.

May it not be that in such instances the apparent absence of response is due to the unexpected shape

in which the response comes? That very frequently it must come in unexpected shape, is surely inevitable.

“We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harm, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good, so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.”

We pray for what we think would benefit us. Fortunately, the powers above answer, with a wisdom greater than our own.

There are two ways of curing a diseased member. The affected part may be removed by a surgical operation, or the general health of the patient may be so improved, the tone and vigor of the whole constitution so increased, that the disease is overcome, and the difficulty ceases to be annoying. Obviously, a similar choice of methods is possible with regard to every one of the troubles and misfortunes of existence. Either the outward circumstances may be changed, and the obstacles removed from our path, or we ourselves may be changed to such an extent that what were obstacles before now cease to be so.

Instead of modifying external conditions, our own condition may be modified.

By the enlightening of our ignorance, and by the transforming of our weakness into strength, we can be delivered from all we need delivering from, just as fully, as though actual mountains were removed, or the order of nature itself reversed.

The drowning sailor clinging to the tottering mast, shrieks to heaven to save him, if not for his own sake, then, for the sake of the little helpless ones at home. When morning dawns, his corpse lies stark and battered upon the rocks.

Appalling as such an event appears it does not imply, necessarily, that the prayer of the forlorn mariner went unheard. It was possible for an answer to be given to that cry, instant, complete, and satisfying, while still permitting the storm to run its course. If, in response to his appeal, the sailor's heart were suddenly suffused with peace, so that all fear vanished, while into the recesses of his mind a light penetrated, revealing beyond, a bliss unspeakable, and if, at the same moment, the divine solicitude watching over his fatherless home were made clear and convincing to him, so that all desire for this life, and all anxiety for his beloved ones, were taken away, would not death in the storm cease to appear as a calamity? Would not the removal of every misgiving be an answer to his prayer?

The cripple pours forth a supplication for deliverance from his bed of pain, and if in response to his supplication a strength be imparted, making endurance light, and quickening the soul with a sensibility that feels, even among the shadows of the sick room, something of the life and glory of the Celestial City, even though the mattress prison remain a prison, will not an answer have been vouchsafed, a change wrought, as effective as though the crippled limbs had been made straight? May not such infusion of additional and more potent mental qualities so transform the situation as to take away all in it that before was evil? As real and true a deliverance may thus be effected as though the evil itself had been removed. In fact, the evil has been removed, for those mental disabilities have been done away with, which alone made the conditions evil.

Moreover, this method of answering prayer is of

benefit to us in a way that no other method could be. Merely to strike obstacles from our path would relieve us from the necessity of enduring present pain, or of making immediate effort, but it would be likely to leave us enervated. On the other hand, by instilling into us an added measure of strength, insight, intelligence, affection, fortitude, not only are we helped effectively over present trouble, but our personality is invigorated. In this way the whole aspect of even the most destitute existence may be transfigured.

Seeing that all prayers are answered, the only element of uncertainty is the form the answer will assume. In respect to a number of things, even this uncertainty is absent. Some things there are which we may look infallibly to receive. Patience, courage, hope, enlightenment, for instance, these are always granted. Such, in brief, is the doctrine of response to prayer.

Since all prayers are answered, and since there are some things, as patience, courage, hope, enlightenment, which, when we pray for them, are invariably given, is it not likely that among these things is included assurance with regard to our future beyond the grave? Assurance of the future is of the same nature as patience, courage, hope, enlightenment, in that it is a desirable condition of mind and heart, and being of the same nature as these always granted things, we may reasonably believe, it also will be granted. Reference to the records of prayer experience show that this has been the case.

Why, if assurance with regard to death be for our benefit, do the higher powers wait to impart the benefit until we pray for it? Seed will not grow in soil that is uncongenial, or unprepared. Endowed

as we are with a measure of independence, some cooperation on our part, probably, is essential. Must we not at least desire knowledge, and be in a condition to receive it, before it can be imparted, or do us any good? The light from stars so distant as to be invisible alike to the naked eye and to the strongest telescope, has, for centuries unknown to us, bathed the earth. Not until our astronomers exposed to those astral forces the surface of a sufficiently sensitive photographic plate, were messages from the invisible worlds received. As the increased sensitiveness of the photographic surface made it competent to receive and register hitherto imperceptible influences, so, many believe, will the increased sensitiveness produced by prayer, make our minds competent to receive and register hitherto imperceptible influences.

Gradually, as the practise of prayer is pursued we become aware of new and non-sensuous impressions, which have stolen into the mind by way neither of eye nor ear, but through some hidden gateway. Little by little these impressions flood our souls, rising into every inlet, every ramification, every crevice, of the brain. They do not represent definite objects. We see no distinct images. Shapes, and forms, and colors, there are none. Primarily, they are impressions of proximity to something. At first indistinct, but, as a consequence of prayer continued, gathering substance, until there accumulates in the mind a sense of certainty that we are directly associated with a power of life greater than our own.

As two musical notes brought into harmony, mingle into one combined note, so our life, brought into harmony with the divine life, is combined with

the divine. The two pass into one another, and we thus experience the life that is beyond death. Our real relation with the unseen grows plain, we have a sensation about it of the nature of "an immediate perception, as if one touched something with one's hands."

In some such way as this the telepathy of prayer brings us by imperceptible degrees, to a consciousness of immortality. We find ourselves possessed of a happy sense of assurance, that,

"To die
Is to begin to live. It is to end,
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better."

A mystical mood of mind and soul, in which, "death becomes an almost laughable impossibility."

To this mystical mood of insight there remains still another means of access. While it may be won through prayer, it may be won also through *Association*.

Granting that our five senses are the sole channels of communication with the world of material things, with the unseen world they are not necessarily the sole channels of communication.

In another chapter we learned that there is no wall of partition between seen and unseen. At every instant soul is in touch with Oversoul, human with superhuman, not through the ordinary faculties of sense, nor through the extra marginal faculties, but through that additional, yet still normal sense, which exists at the heart and core of our being, the sense, namely, of moral obligation, or the feeling about right.

We saw that this extraordinary element in our nature is explicable in but one way. It can be ac-

counted for only as the manifestation in our consciousness of a power superior to our consciousness, a power having its source and origin in a region above our consciousness.

At this point, then, man comes directly in touch, not through his five senses, nor yet through his subliminal sensibilities, but through his feeling about right, with something more than man, with something superhuman, and the attitude we assume toward this superhuman influence is bound to have an important effect upon our lives.

Suppose we choose to shut our hearts against the sense of right, and to live as though we had none. The result is, that without disappearing altogether, it grows dim, shrinks as it were, into the background. On the other hand, if we answer the appeal made by this feeling, and take it as our guiding motive, it comes to occupy a leading place in our sphere of being, and our existence is profoundly modified.

If association with nature instills into the heart of man, as Wordsworth affirmed, an awareness of her hidden significancies, and awakes a "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused," is it less reasonable that association with the feeling about right, the manifestation of the superhuman in the midst of our humanity, should prove also a path to insight, and lead to the growth in us of a new organ of vision, a new awareness of the presence of that superhuman world, of which, as we have seen, the feeling about right is an expression? That indeed, is what happens. Association with this feeling, continued, develops in us a finer sensibility with regard to the invisible realities, until by stages too impalpable to analyse, a point is reached when "obstructions melt away, the light streams in, and the servants

of conscience know themselves to be in touch with the unseen and the divine," because the unseen and the divine have been lived and experienced. Through such experiential knowledge there arises in us a new attitude of mind with regard to life and death.

We begin to understand with ever growing clearness that "we ourselves are more than earth and clay," that in us, there is actually, and as a matter of fact, a superhuman element. We find ourselves possessed, we know not how, except that it has come through accord with righteousness, of that immediate assurance of our kinship with the eternal, which experience alone can give. "Such a life slowly gathers and builds up a faith, a hope, a vision, which disarms the calamity of death, and creates an impetuous expectancy of the life beyond."

Why then, when the means of enlightenment are so close at hand, does any one remain in doubt? There are various answers. For example, it is possible to deceive ourselves, and to imagine we live in the way that will bring enlightenment, when in reality we do nothing of the kind. We may lead a good life, be useful members of society, put ourselves to inconvenience, make sacrifices for other people, and yet be very far indeed from obedience to the feeling about right.

It is, as a rule, both pleasant and profitable to be good. Prudence and sagacity, and worldly wisdom, alike impel toward an honest existence. Prompted by these motives alone, it is quite possible to go through life respected, esteemed, and honored, and to be at the same time further from the unseen world than the publican and the harlot.

Motives of pleasure, convenience, prudence, sagacity, are excellent. Most desirable is it that we should

be influenced by these impulses, but we shall be disappointed if we imagine they will lead to a knowledge of the superhuman.

Their tendency is in the opposite direction. They are practical motives. That is to say, they deal with the here and now, with present problems. They are concerned only with making existence more comfortable, more prosperous. We cannot expect to find in them information about that with which they have nothing to do.

Again, obedience to the feeling about right is a hard path to follow, not only because we are apt to imagine we are following it when we are in fact pursuing a quite different road, but because in order to follow it we have sometimes to give up many things the heart desires. He who fulfils his moral obligations, may find himself compelled to ignore prudence, do without prosperity, take poverty for his bride, and be willing to surrender, if need be, even peace and happiness. He will have to act from principle instead of from expediency, and regardless of the consequences to himself, to make for that only which is right. On every occasion he must ask, not is it good business, is it profitable, but is it just and merciful? Should profit and prosperity conflict with justice and mercy, he must give up profit and prosperity. He must cease to be, in short, what the world calls a practical man. He will be compelled to abandon half the methods of making money regarded by the commercial world as legitimate. He will be obliged to take the chance of business collapse and failure. He who is loyal to right principles may sometimes have to choose a path more perilous still, a path that leads not only to suffering but to death. A difficult road to pursue. Nevertheless, those who have fortitude

tude enough and persistence enough steadfastly to walk therein, those who in this moral strife, again and yet again, obey the still small voice, though they lose outward peace, and comfort, and riches, and worldly consideration, gain a new insight into the nature of things, an insight which reveals in close association with our own mortal existence, an existence more than mortal.

"The true knowledge," said Oliver Cromwell, "is not literal nor speculative, but inward, transforming the mind." Those who tread the narrow way come to understand, with an inward and transforming knowledge, with a knowledge possessing the convincing quality of a genuine experience, that,

"Death is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch.
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shone through its transparent
walls."

Our conclusion is, then, that while reason and observation indicate the extreme likelihood of soul survival, assurance is to be sought through the mystical mood. This mystical mood results from the awakening of certain finer sensibilities, of which probably all of us have a share.

Under ordinary circumstances these sensibilities are dormant, but they can be quickened into activity, by bringing to bear the proper influences. What the proper influences are, depends largely on temperament. Some seem to require a prolonged and systematic, and it may be a painful discipline, perhaps that severest of all forms of discipline, the loss of one they have truly loved. For others, "a wise

passiveness" suffices. For many music is the fitting agency, and the churches have always taught that whosoever will, may attain the mystical mood of awakened sensibility, and so win the desired certitude, through prayer. The mood of insight may be achieved also by association, steadfast and continued association with that superhuman element which, as we have endeavored to show, is, to some extent at least, present in every one.

Looking back at the road we have travelled, it will be seen that we have been dealing, not with tradition from the distant past, nor with fantastic theories, nor with strange and oriental cults, but with the sober facts of our own human nature, with the realities of our own souls. In these realities we have found a guide to the conduct of life, and the ground and reason for a great hope.

THE END





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 601 636 4

BT
771
M858s

